



NO. 1

\$4.95 US

\$7.95 CAN

JAN 99

# STARMAN



80-PAGE GIANT



MIKAAL!



THE SHADE!



TED KNIGHT!



ALSO STARRING:  
SCALPHUNTER!  
THE O'DARES!  
BOBO BENETTI!

DIRECT SALES



00111>



7 61941 21392 7



# STARMAN



## A CELEBRATION OF THE HEROIC LEGACY

---

**JACK KNIGHT as STARMAN in "Chain of Possession"** 1

---

by James Robinson and John Lucas

---

**THE SHADE and SCALPHUNTER in "Relative Loss"** 11

---

by James Robinson and Mike Mayhew

---

**TED KNIGHT, the GOLDEN AGE STARMAN, in "The Weak and the Strong"** 21

---

by James Robinson, Steve Sadowski, and Tom Nguyen

---

**BOBO BENNETTI and the STARMAN OF 1951 in "The Getaway"** 31

---

by James Robinson and Wade Von Grawbadger

---

**THOSE LI'L O'DARES and PATROLMAN CLARENCE in "The Old Codger"** 41

---

by James Robinson, Dusty Abell, and Drew Geraci

---

**MIKAAL TOMAS, STARMAN in "No Mercy"** 51

---

by James Robinson and Tim Burgand

---

**JACK KNIGHT as STARMAN in "Chain of Possession" part two** 61

---

by James Robinson and John Lucas

Lettered by KURT HATHAWAY

Colored by CARLA FEENY

Separations by GCW

Edited by PETER TOMASI

Cover by TONY HARRIS

Cover Colored by GREGORY WRIGHT

• JENETTE KAHN, President & Editor-in-Chief • PAUL LEVITZ, Executive Vice President & Publisher • MIKE CARLIN, Executive Editor •  
• RICHARD BRUNING, VP-Creative Director • PATRICK CALDON, VP-Finance & Operations • DOROTHY CROUCH, VP-Licensed Publishing •  
• TERRI CUNNINGHAM, VP-Managing Editor • JOEL EHRLICH, Senior VP-Advertising & Promotions • LILLIAN LASERSON, VP & General Counsel •  
• JIM LEE, Editorial Director-WildStorm • JOHN NEE, VP & General Manager-WildStorm • BOB WAYNE VP-Direct Sales •

**STARMAN 80-PAGE GIANT** 1. January, 1999. Published by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. Copyright © 1999 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. Printed on recyclable paper.

DC COMICS

A DIVISION OF WARNER BROS.—A TIME WARNER ENTERTAINMENT COMPANY





I'M MAD. I KNOW I'M MAD.  
OR I'M CRAZY. NO...WAIT...  
THAT'S THE SAME THING.

ALL I KNOW IS I'M LOOKING  
DEATH IN THE FACE...  
THE EYE...CRAZY EYES...

A KNIFE...ABOUT  
TO GO INTO ME.

AND I'M MORE  
CONCERNED WITH...

I COULD DIE AND I'M  
MORE CONCERNED WITH THE  
AGE...THE COLLECTABILITY  
OF THE WEAPON THAT'S  
ABOUT TO KILL ME.



# Jack Knight Starman <sup>IN</sup> CHAIN OF POSSESSION



THAT MORNING JACK HAD BEEN A LOVER.

OF THE BRIGHT EARLY LIGHT THAT SHONE IN HIS BEDROOM THROUGH VINTAGE WOODEN BLINDS.

HE'D LOVED THE STREET OUTSIDE, AS HE STRODE ALONG IT. THE GROUND SEEMED PERFECT UNDER HIS FEET.

JUST THE RIGHT RESONANCE WITH EACH FOOTFALL.

JACK HAD LOVED HIS BREAKFAST. A MUSHROOM OMELET AND TURKEY BACON. AND COFFEE. LOTS OF COFFEE.

OH, AND JACK HAD LOVED THE DEAL HE'D MADE IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS.

A HUNDRED FOR THE GOLF CLUBS AND THE MONSTER BUSTS...OH, AND THOSE PIRATE AND KNIGHTS IN ARMOR DOODLES.

TWO.

ONE AND A HALF.

DEAL.

JACK HAD RECOGNIZED THE "DOODLES" AS BEING PREPARATORY SKETCHES BY HOWARD PYLE. HE WOULD HAVE TOLD SOME INNOCENT PERSON OFF THE STREET SELLING THEM...MAYBE...IF THAT PERSON HAD BEEN NICE.

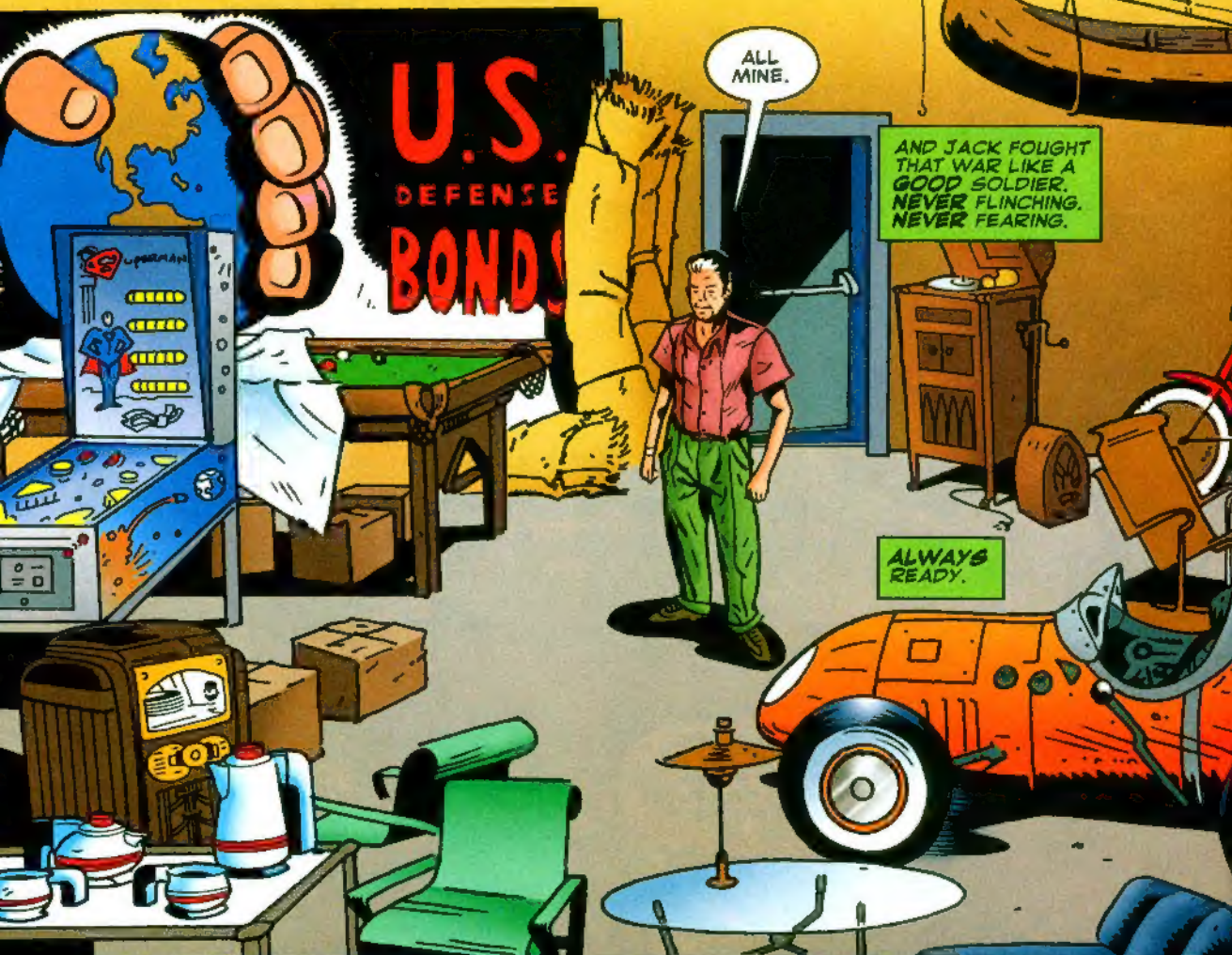
BUT A FELLOW DEALER SHOULD KNOW WHAT HE HAS. IN THAT RESPECT JACK AGREED WHOLE-HEARTEDLY WITH THE JAPANESE.

BUSINESS IS WAR.



THE GATHERING OF COLLECTIBLES  
FOR RESALE IS FAR MORE SAVAGE  
A CONFLICT THAN ANY JUNGLE  
SKIRMISH OR BEACH INVASION.

THE ENEMY IS EVERY-  
WHERE. NO ONE CAN  
BE TRUSTED.



BUT EVERYTHING ELSE  
WAS LOVE FOR JACK.  
ON THIS DAY.

ESPECIALLY WHEN  
GADIE CAME CALLING...

NOW WHAT  
DO YOU WANT  
TO DO?

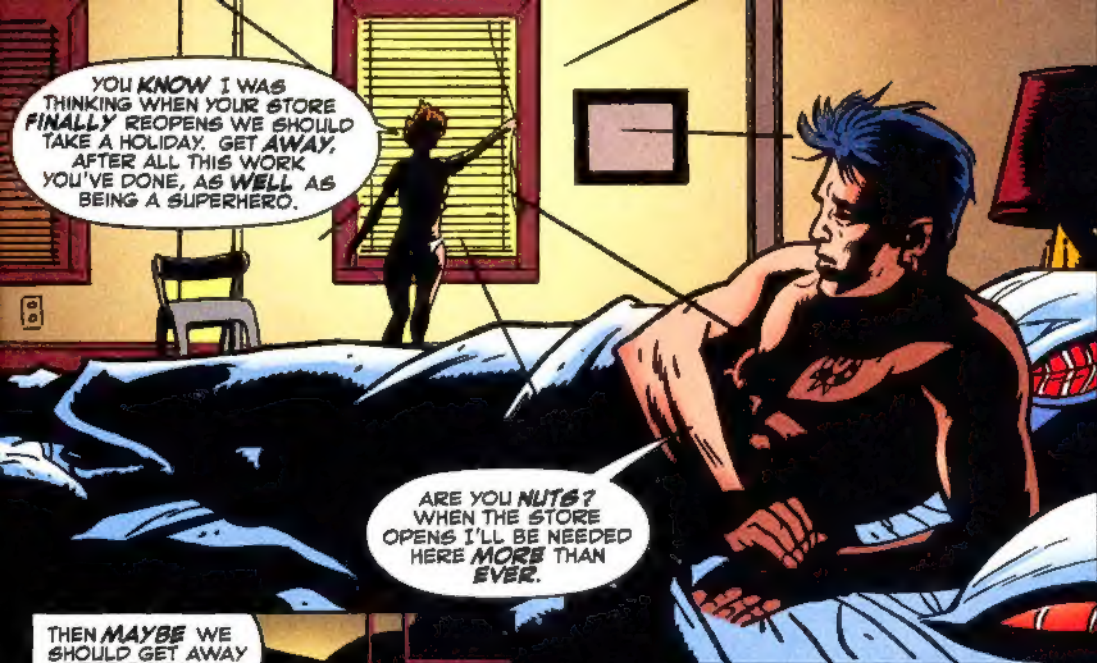
WE COULD HAVE  
LUNCH.

I HAD A  
BIG BREAKFAST.  
A LATE ONE  
TOO.

YOU COULD  
WATCH ME  
EAT. I'M  
STARVING.

I COULD. I  
COULD AT THAT.  
MAYBE AFTER WE  
SHOWER I'LL HAVE  
AN APPETITE.





YOU KNOW I WAS THINKING WHEN YOUR STORE FINALLY REOPENS WE SHOULD TAKE A HOLIDAY. GET AWAY, AFTER ALL THIS WORK YOU'VE DONE, AS WELL AS BEING A SUPERHERO.

ARE YOU NUTS? WHEN THE STORE OPENS I'LL BE NEEDED HERE MORE THAN EVER.

THEN MAYBE WE SHOULD GET AWAY BEFORE THE STORE OPENS?



HOW CAN I TAKE A HOLIDAY BEFORE THE STORE OPENS?



SOME LIFE YOU GOT.

I LIKE IT.



I GUESS I DO TOO.



**KNOCK KNOCK**

YOU EXPECTING ANYONE?





ONLY **GOOD** THINGS.

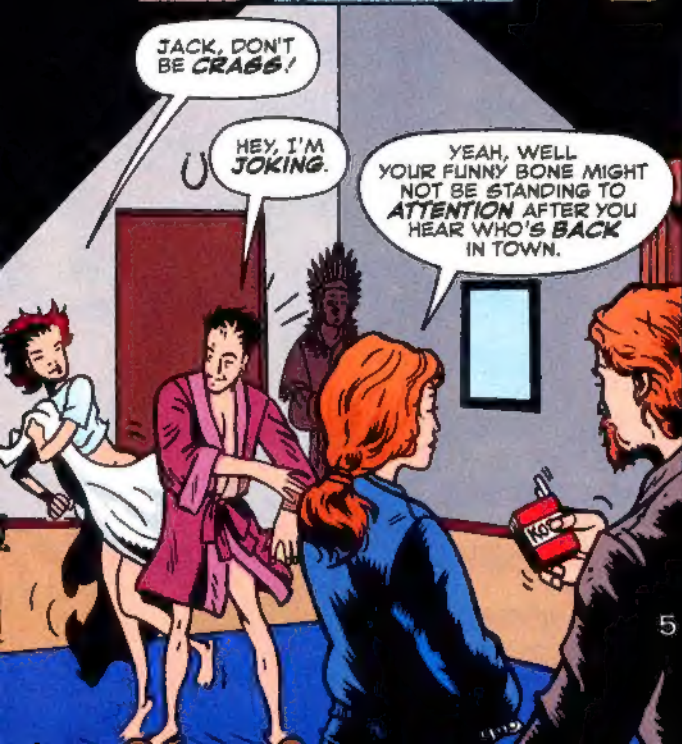
I **KNOW** THAT GENERATION AFTER GENERATION OF YOUR FAMILY HAS SERVED ON THE OPAL CITY POLICE FORCE.

I **KNOW** THAT YOUR FATHER HELPED JACK'S DAD A LOT AND THAT YOU GUYS ARE TRYING TO DO THE **SAME** WITH JACK.



I **DUNNO** HOW **MUCH** HELP WE ARE, BUT **YEAH**...I **GUESS**...SORT OF.

WHICH BRINGS UP THE **QUESTION** OF **WHY** YOU GUYS ARE HERE NOW. TO BE **FRANK**, UP UNTIL THIS MOMENT, **SADIE** AND I **DIDN'T** NEED MUCH HELP.



Huh?

**RAGDOLL.**

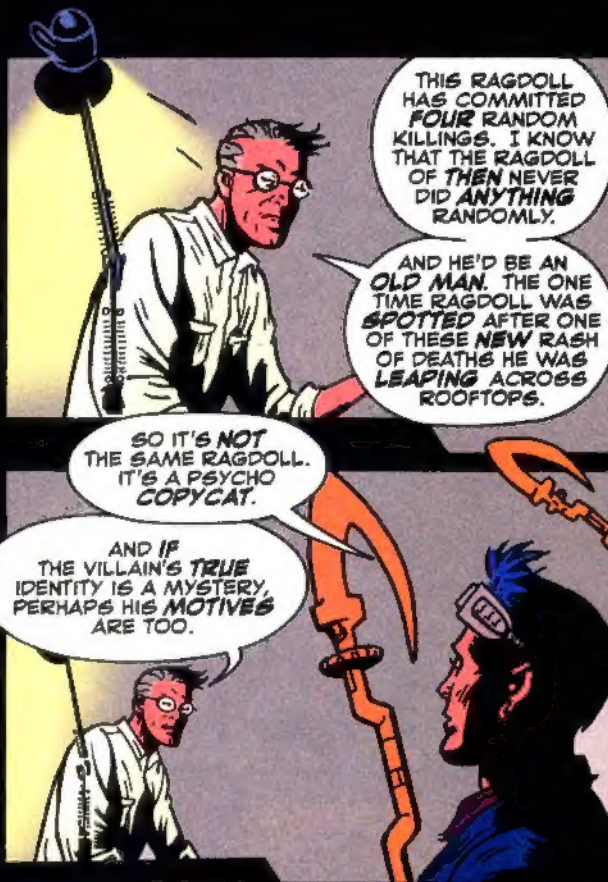


SO RAGDOLL'S  
BACK FROM  
THE DEAD.

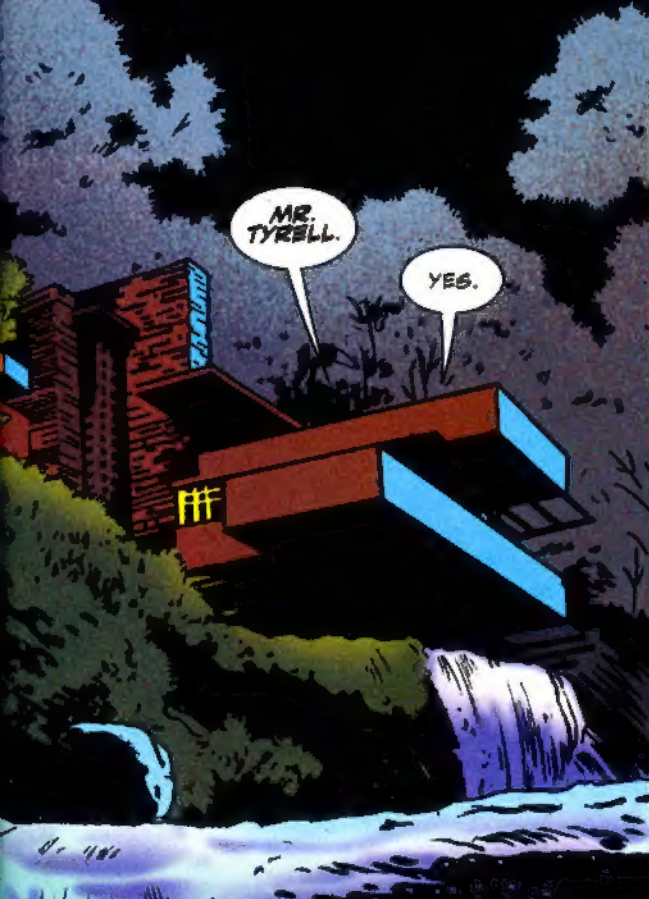
THIS ISN'T  
RAGDOLL. NOT THE  
ONE JAY FOUGHT ALL  
THOSE YEARS. NOT  
THE ONE WHO DIED  
AT MY FEET.

THE BODY WAS  
TAKEN FROM THE MORGUE,  
REMEMBER? YOU KNOW  
THE RULE ABOUT WHEN  
THERE'S NO BODY, THE BAD  
GUY'S PROBABLY STILL  
OUT THERE.









MR. TYRELL.

YES.



MY NAME'S STARMAN.

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.



I BELIEVE YOUR LIFE'S IN DANGER.

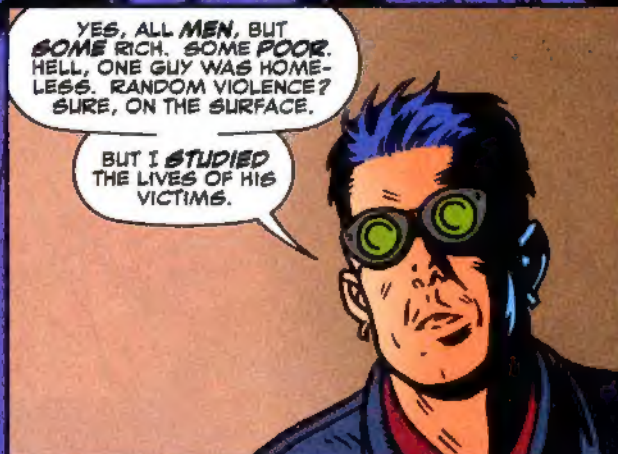
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. MY LIFE? FROM WHOM?

RAGDOLL.



HE'S BEEN KILLING ALL OVER TOWN. I'M NEXT, YOU SAY? I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

I THOUGHT THE KILLINGS WERE RANDOM.



YES, ALL MEN, BUT SOME RICH. SOME POOR. HELL, ONE GUY WAS HOMELESS. RANDOM VIOLENCE? SURE, ON THE SURFACE.

BUT I STUDIED THE LIVES OF HIS VICTIMS.



TWO OF THE FOUR WENT TO THE SAME SCHOOL AS YOU. THEY ARE A YEAR EITHER SIDE OF YOU.

BLAKE AND TRUELOVE. DO YOU REMEMBER THEM?



YES, IN  
FACT I DO. I WAS  
SAD HEARING ABOUT  
THEIR DEATHS.

THEN I LOOKED  
AT THE OTHER TWO.  
**SANDS AND LEWIS.**  
SANDS WAS HOMELESS.  
LEWIS PLAYED **DRUMS**  
IN A JAZZ BAND.

DO YOU  
RECALL  
THEM  
TOO?

YES, IN FACT I DO NOW  
YOU MENTION IT. I DIDN'T  
REALIZE IT WAS THEM.  
WE'D LOST TOUCH  
OVER THE YEARS.

I LOOKED  
THROUGH YEAR  
BOOKS. THEY  
NOTED BLAKE AND  
TRUELOVE'S  
ABILITIES AS **JAZZ**  
**MUSICIANS. SAX**  
AND BASS.

SANDS WAS  
A GUITARIST.  
A JAZZ GUITARIST.  
UNTIL **DRUGS**  
GOT THE BETTER  
OF HIM.

AND YOU  
PLAYED PIANO.  
TOGETHER, ALL  
FIVE OF YOU  
PLAYED IN A  
BAND WHILE  
YOU WERE IN  
COLLEGE.

WE WEREN'T  
VERY GOOD.

MAYBE NOT.  
BUT I'M SURE YOU WEREN'T  
SO BAD, IT'S THE  
REASON RAGDOLL WANTS  
TO KILL YOU ALL.

ANYWAY,  
YOU'RE **WRONG** ABOUT  
ONE THING.

WHAT? I  
CHECKED MY  
FACTS.

I'M NOT  
RAGDOLL'S  
TARGET...





CRACK

...I'M HIS  
EMPLOYER!

AND HERE I AM,  
WAITING TO GIVE DEATH  
THE BIG HELLO...

...AND LIKE A DORK, ALL I CAN  
THINK IS "WOW, WHAT A COOL,  
OLD KNIFE. WONDER HOW MANY  
LIVES IT'S  
TOUCHED... AND TAKEN".

STICK AROUND AS JACK'S  
ADVENTURE CONCLUDES  
AT THE END OF THIS ISSUE.

(BUT DON'T JUMP AHEAD. IF  
YOU READ THE STORIES IN  
BETWEEN FIRST, YOU'LL ENJOY  
PART TWO EVEN MORE!)





The year was 1894.  
Brian Savage would  
retire in a year.

Of course he'd return and die five  
years after that, but I'd rather  
not dwell on such a leaden moment  
in both mine and Opal's past.

1894 was sad  
enough... for me.



For there was more gray in  
Brian Savage's hair, more lines  
to his face...and a weight to his  
eyes...sadness to them...

My friend was  
aging. I was not.  
And that fact made  
my eyes sad, too.

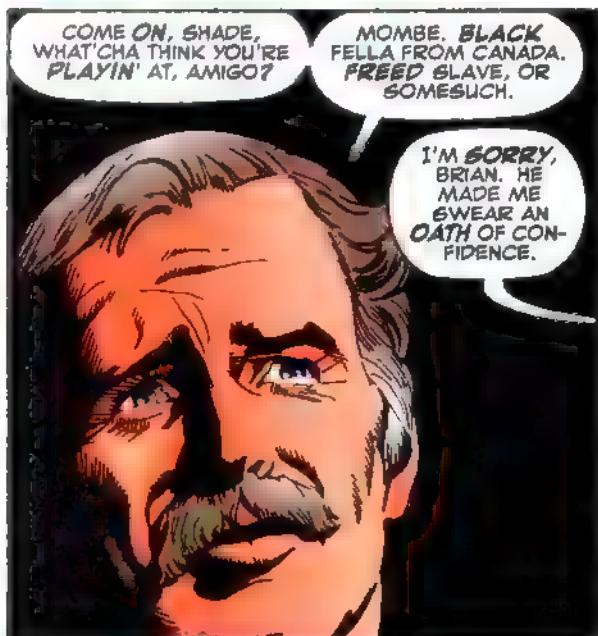
Not that gray hairs  
meant one jot to  
Savage himself.

Not this day...

SO, WHAT  
CAN Y'TELL ME 'BOUT  
LANDI MOMBE?

THE NAME  
IS FAMILIAR, BUT...  
LET ME THINK...

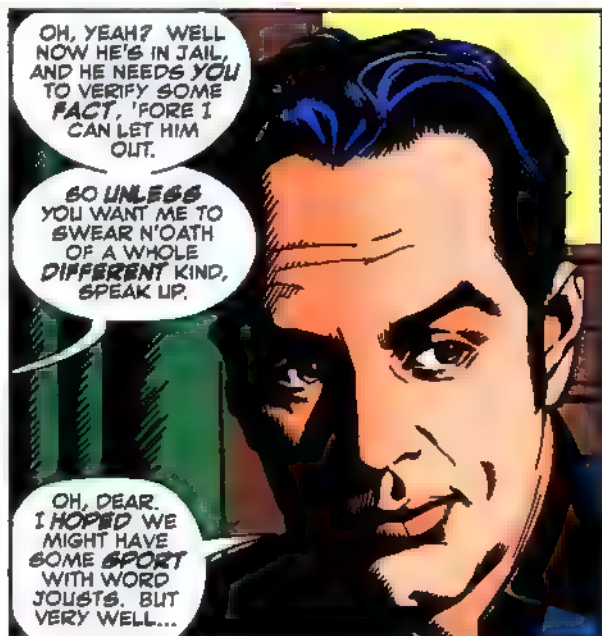
## The Shade and Scalphunter in Relative Loss



COME ON, SHADE,  
WHAT'CHA THINK YOU'RE  
PLAYIN' AT, AMIGO?

MOMBE. BLACK  
FELLA FROM CANADA.  
FREED SLAVE, OR  
SOMESUCH.

I'M SORRY,  
BRIAN. HE  
MADE ME  
SWEAR AN  
OATH OF CON-  
FIDENCE.



OH, YEAH? WELL  
NOW HE'S IN JAIL,  
AND HE NEEDS YOU  
TO VERIFY SOME  
FACT. 'FORE I  
CAN LET HIM  
OUT.

SO UNLESS  
YOU WANT ME TO  
SWEAR N'OATH  
OF A WHOLE  
DIFFERENT KIND,  
SPEAK UP.

OH, DEAR.  
I HOPED WE  
MIGHT HAVE  
SOME SPORT  
WITH WORD  
JOUISTS. BUT  
VERY WELL...



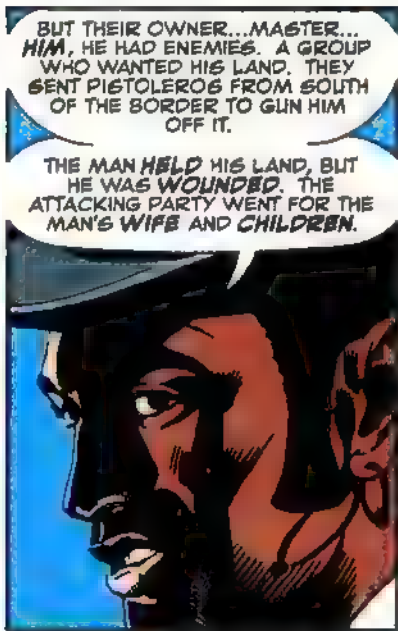


...Lahdi Mombe contacted me several days ago...

MY GRANDFATHER AND HIS BROTHER WERE BROUGHT HERE FROM AFRICA.

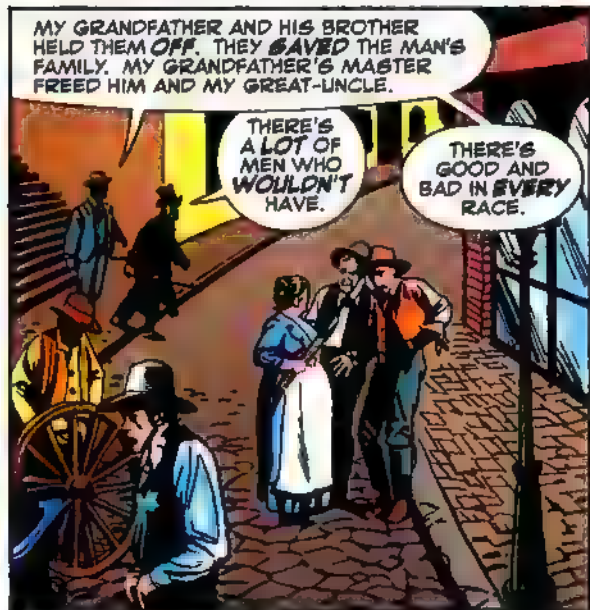
AS SLAVES?

HOW ELSE?



BUT THEIR OWNER...MASTER... HIM, HE HAD ENEMIES. A GROUP WHO WANTED HIS LAND. THEY SENT PISTOLERS FROM SOUTH OF THE BORDER TO GUN HIM OFF IT.

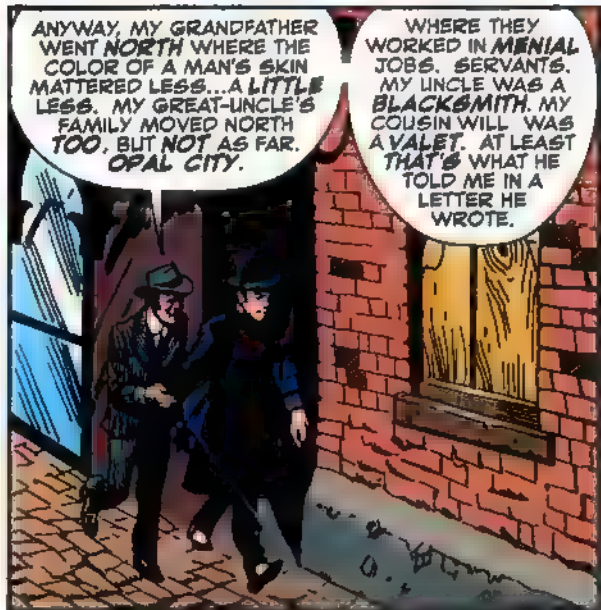
THE MAN HELD HIS LAND, BUT HE WAS WOUNDED. THE ATTACKING PARTY WENT FOR THE MAN'S WIFE AND CHILDREN.



MY GRANDFATHER AND HIS BROTHER HELD THEM OFF. THEY SAVED THE MAN'S FAMILY. MY GRANDFATHER'S MASTER FREED HIM AND MY GREAT-UNCLE.

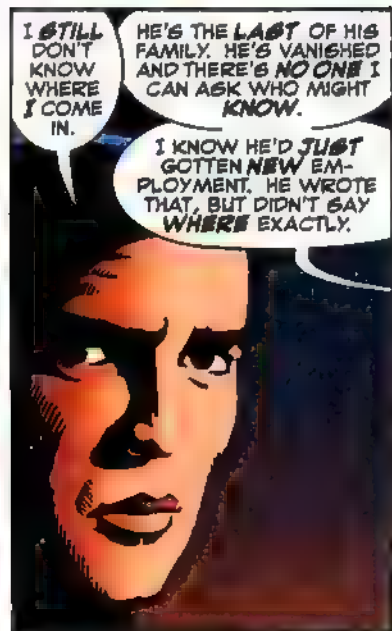
THERE'S A LOT OF MEN WHO WOULDN'T HAVE.

THERE'S GOOD AND BAD IN EVERY RACE.



ANYWAY, MY GRANDFATHER WENT NORTH WHERE THE COLOR OF A MAN'S SKIN MATTERED LESS...A LITTLE LESS. MY GREAT-UNCLE'S FAMILY MOVED NORTH TOO, BUT NOT AS FAR. OPAL CITY.

WHERE THEY WORKED IN MENIAL JOBS. SERVANTS. MY UNCLE WAS A BLACKSMITH. MY COUSIN WILL WAS A VALET. AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT HE TOLD ME IN A LETTER HE WROTE.



I STILL DON'T KNOW WHERE I COME IN.

HE'S THE LAST OF HIS FAMILY. HE'S VANISHED AND THERE'S NO ONE I CAN ASK WHO MIGHT KNOW.

I KNOW HE'D JUST GOTTEN NEW EMPLOYMENT. HE WROTE THAT, BUT DIDN'T SAY WHERE EXACTLY.



I KNOW YOU TAKE ON JOBS. THAT YOU GET RESULTS IN WAYS PEOPLE ARE SCARED TO TALK ABOUT.

I'M PAID FOR SUCH DEEDS. MY PRICE IS NOT CHEAP.

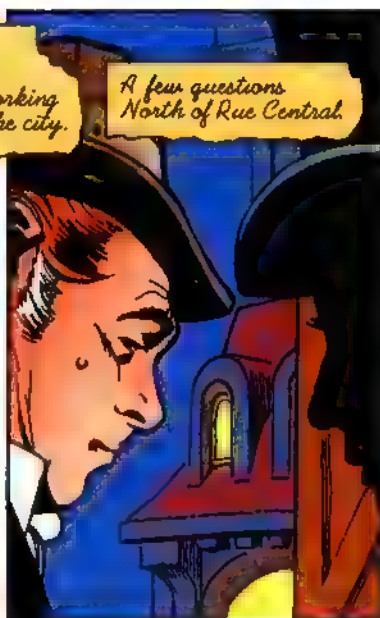
MY GRANDFATHER KEPT MOVING NORTH. CANADA TOOK HIM IN. HE MADE A FORTUNE IN FURS. FURS AND GOLD. I'M WEALTHY ENOUGH I CAN PAY WHATEVER PRICE YOU ASK.





The money was  
not hard earned.

All I had that  
Mombe needed  
was a better working  
knowledge of the city.



A few questions  
North of Rue Central.



A few  
questions  
South of it



and I had  
my answers.

HEY, MR.  
LICORICE, YOU  
BIN ASKIN'  
STUFF.



I PRESUME  
YOU'RE  
REFERRING  
TO ME.

WITH THEM LONG LEGS  
O'YOURS N'THE BLACK  
DUDE, WHO ELSE'D I  
BE TALKIN' TO, EVEN IF  
THERE WAS ANYONE  
ELSE 'BOUTS.

YOU BIN ASKIN'  
BOUT SOME NIGR' BOY.  
SEEMS YOU'RE A  
MITE TOO KEEN ON  
THINGS BLACK.



MY INTERESTS AND  
PICCADILLOES ARE AND  
SHALL REMAIN MY OWN  
AFFAIR. NOW I'D  
ADVISE YOU TO--

PICCAWHAT!  
D'YOU JUST  
CUSS ME,  
Y'SONOVVABITCH?



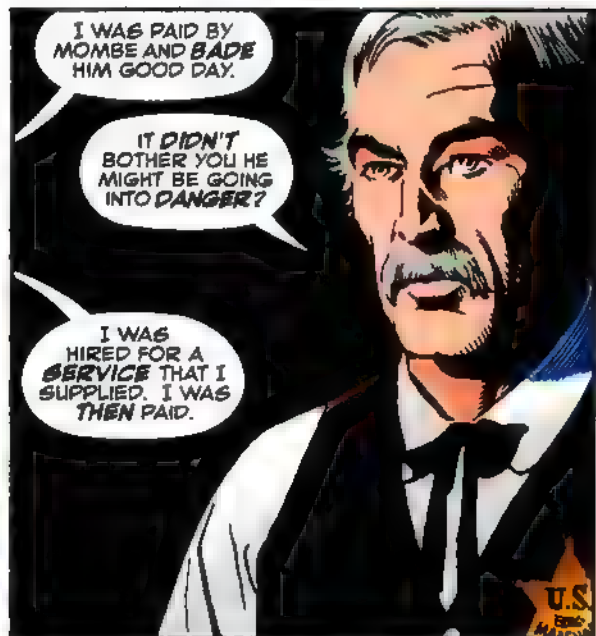
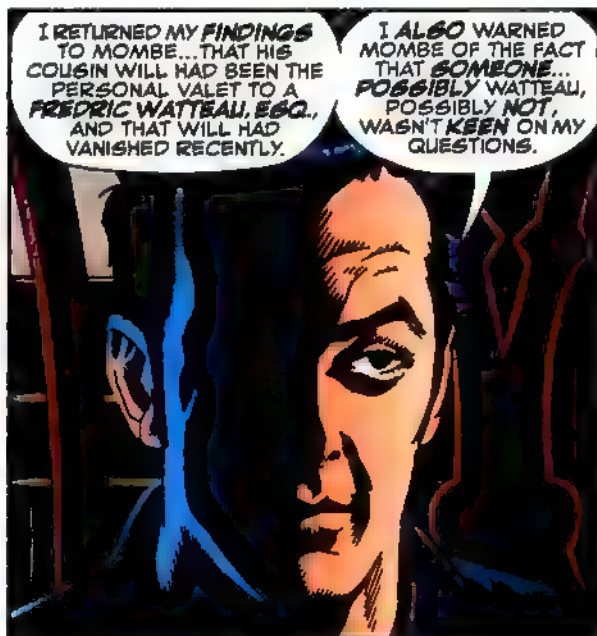
NO...

...BUT  
LET'S  
PRETEND  
I DID?













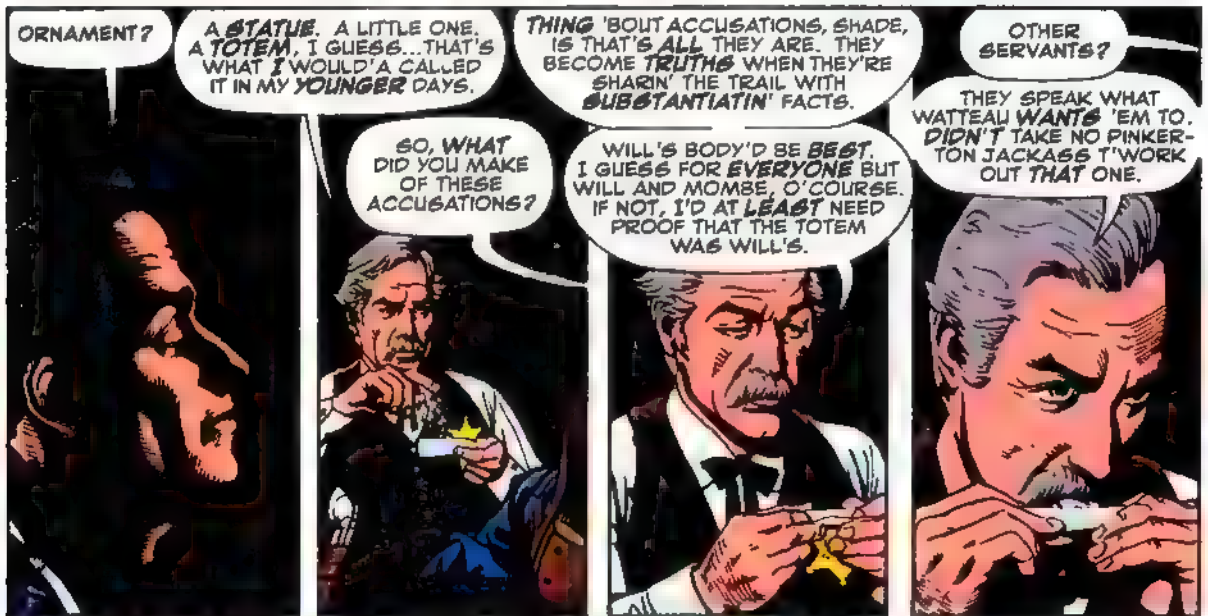
"HAD T'WHOP ME ONE ON MOMBE'S NOGGIN TO CALM HIM DOWN, THEN HE STARTED TALKIN'..."



"...SAYIN' HOW ON WATTEAU'S MANTLE WAS AN ORNAMENT, THAT HE'S SENT TO WILL FROM THEIR TRIBAL HOMELAND, AFTER MOMBE VISITED THERE A FEW YEARS BACK."



"HE SAID HOW WILL MIGHT'A MOVED ON, BUT HE'D NEVER LEAVE THE ORNAMENT BEHIND."



ORNAMENT?

A STATUE. A LITTLE ONE. A TOTEM, I GUESS... THAT'S WHAT I WOULD'A CALLED IT IN MY YOUNGER DAYS.

THING 'BOUT ACCUSATIONS, SHADE, IS THAT'S ALL THEY ARE. THEY BECOME TRUTHS WHEN THEY'RE SHARIN' THE TRAIL WITH SUBSTANTIATIN' FACTS.

OTHER SERVANTS?

THEY SPEAK WHAT WATTEAU WANTS 'EM TO. DIDN'T TAKE NO PINKERTON JACKASS T'WORK OUT THAT ONE.

SO, WHAT DID YOU MAKE OF THESE ACCUSATIONS?

WILL'S BODY'D BE BEST. I GUESS FOR EVERYONE BUT WILL AND MOMBE, O' COURSE. IF NOT, I'D AT LEAST NEED PROOF THAT THE TOTEM WAS WILL'S.



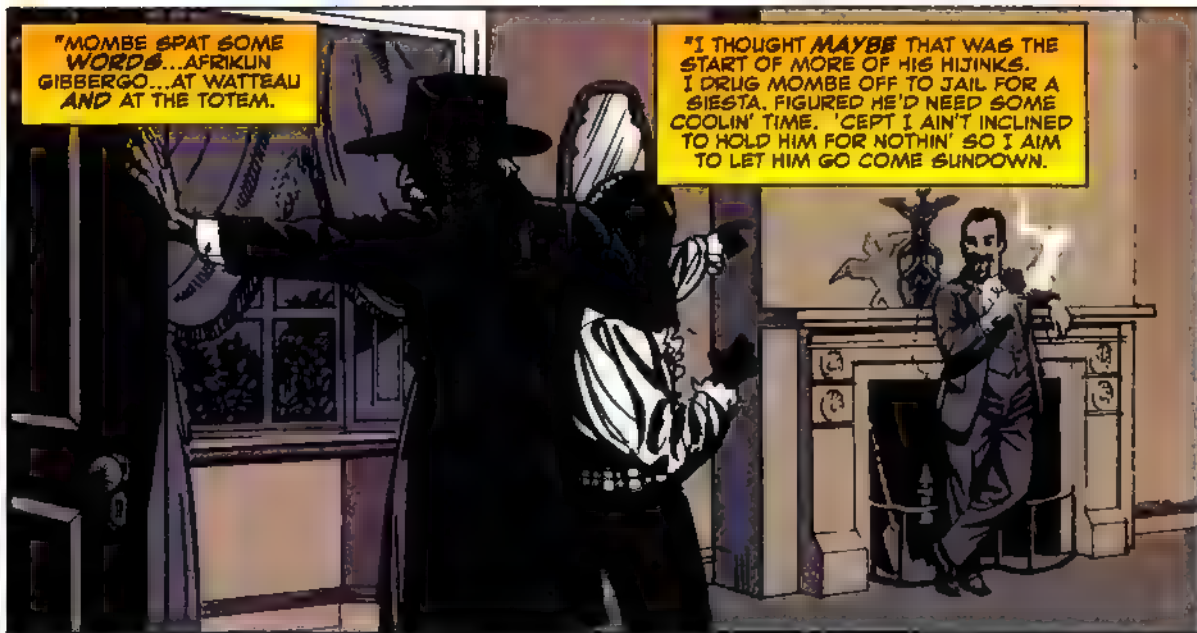
MOMBE'S WORD? ISN'T THAT GOOD ENOUGH?

NOT AGAINST WATTEAU. NOT WITH SOME BIG, FAT CITY FATHERS LAPPIN' AT WATTEAU'S CREAM. SURE THE TOTEM'S THERE, BUT POSSESSION SAYS IT'S WATTEAU'S.

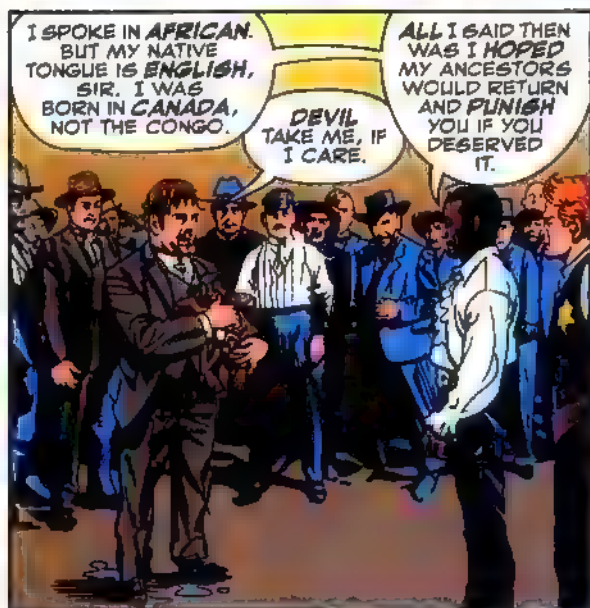
SO WHAT?

I DUNNO.

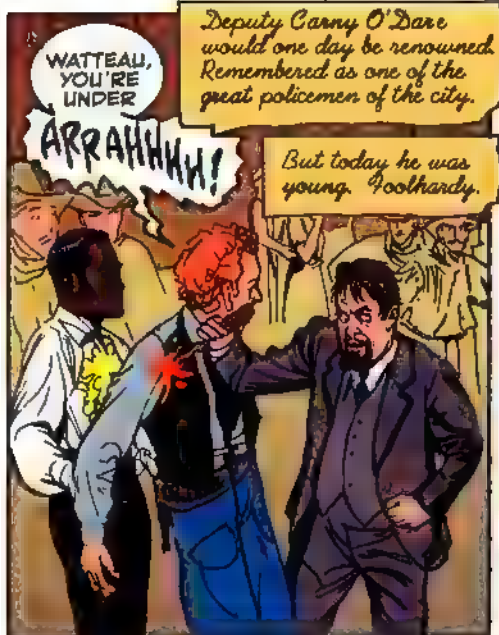










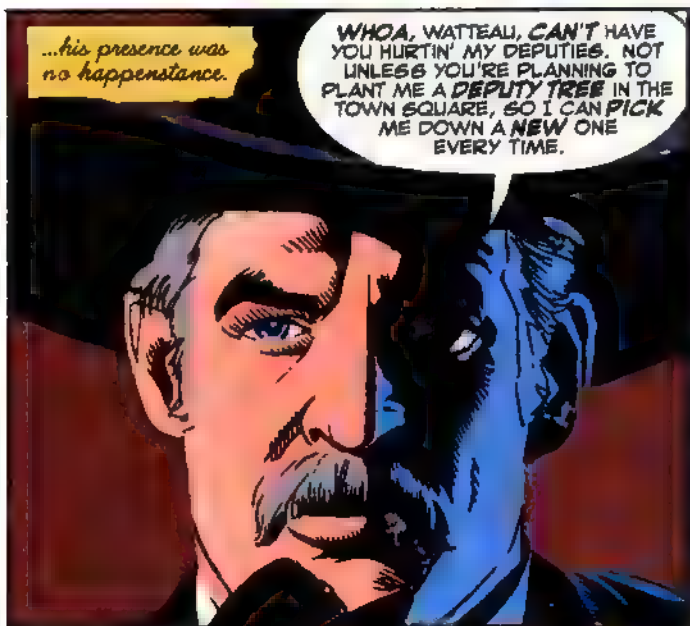


Deputy Carry O'Dare would one day be renowned. Remembered as one of the great policemen of the city.

But today he was young. Foolhardy.



It was fortunate for all, no doubt...



...his presence was no happenstance.

WHOA, WATTEAU, CAN'T HAVE YOU HURTIN' MY DEPUTIES. NOT UNLESS YOU'RE PLANNING TO PLANT ME A DEPUTY TREE IN THE TOWN SQUARE, SO I CAN PICK ME DOWN A NEW ONE EVERY TIME.



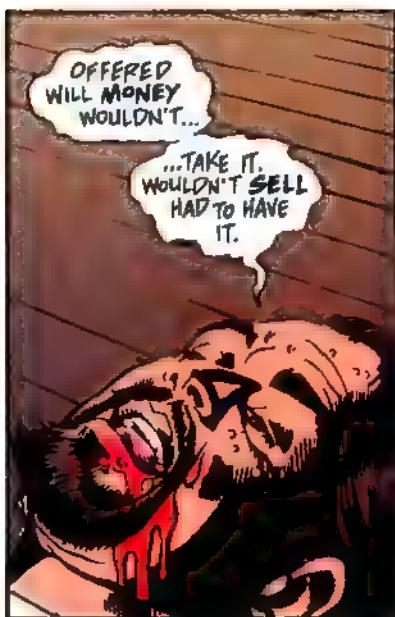
YARRR!



Savage never knew until the moment at hand whether he'd kill or not.

In this instance I presume that "moment" came and went...









EXTRA!  
EXTRA!  
THE MIST  
SIGHTED  
IN OPAL!

WHEN  
WILL HE  
STRIKE?



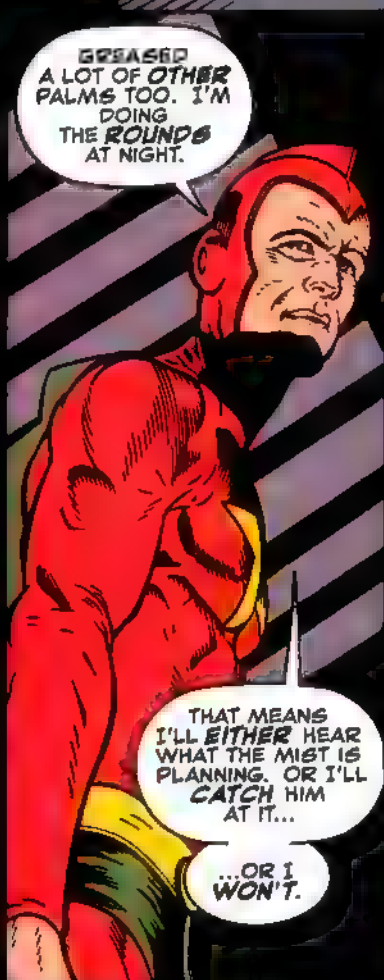
THE TOWN'S  
GETTING THE JITTERS.  
STARMAN. CAN'T  
BLAME 'EM.

I KNOW,  
RED, I'M DOING  
WHAT I CAN.

I PUT  
OUT FEELERS. MY  
INFORMANT...DONOVAN...  
OFFERED HIM A SMALL  
FORTUNE IF HE DUG  
ANYTHING UP.



## The Golden Age Starman in The Weak and the Strong!



GREASED  
A LOT OF OTHER  
PALMS TOO. I'M  
DOING  
THE ROUNDS  
AT NIGHT.

THAT MEANS  
I'LL EITHER HEAR  
WHAT THE MIST IS  
PLANNING. OR I'LL  
CATCH HIM  
AT IT...

...OR I  
WON'T.



SO  
WHAT  
NOW?

AN  
HOUR TO  
MYSELF...







...A PARTY.

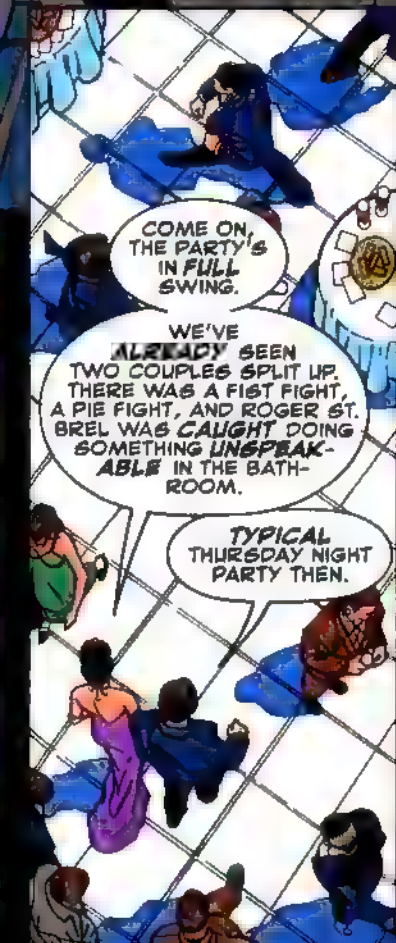
TED,  
YOU'RE  
LATE.

MY BOW TIE, DORIS. I  
COULDN'T REMEMBER IF IT WAS  
LEFT OVER RIGHT AND TUCK  
UNDER, OR RIGHT OVER LEFT.

THE THINKING WORE  
ME OUT AND I  
NEEDED A NAP.

SOMETIMES  
I WONDER  
WHAT I SEE  
IN YOU.

MY DYNAMIC  
PERSONALITY?



COME ON,  
THE PARTY'S  
IN FULL  
SWING.

WE'VE  
ALREADY SEEN  
TWO COUPLES SPLIT UP.  
THERE WAS A FIST FIGHT,  
A PIE FIGHT, AND ROGER ST.  
BREL WAS CAUGHT DOING  
SOMETHING UNSPEAK-  
ABLE IN THE BATH-  
ROOM.

TYPICAL  
THURSDAY NIGHT  
PARTY THEN.



MARK,  
HOW ARE  
YOU?

FINE, DORIS.  
FINE AND DANDY. HEY, YOU  
GUYS SEEN SANDERSON  
BLOCK?

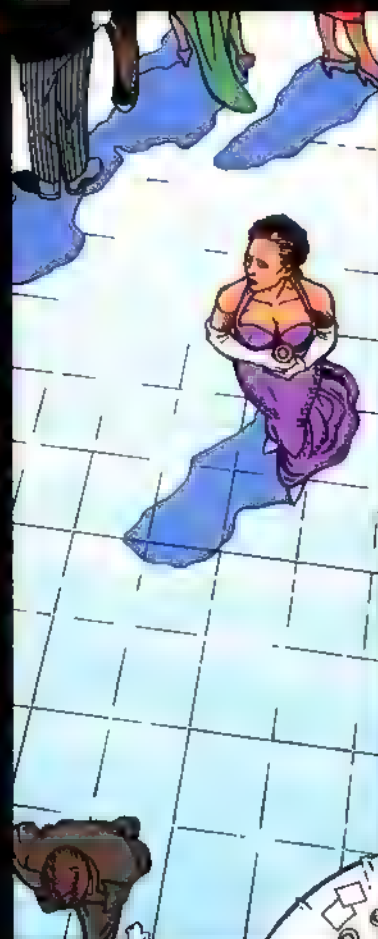
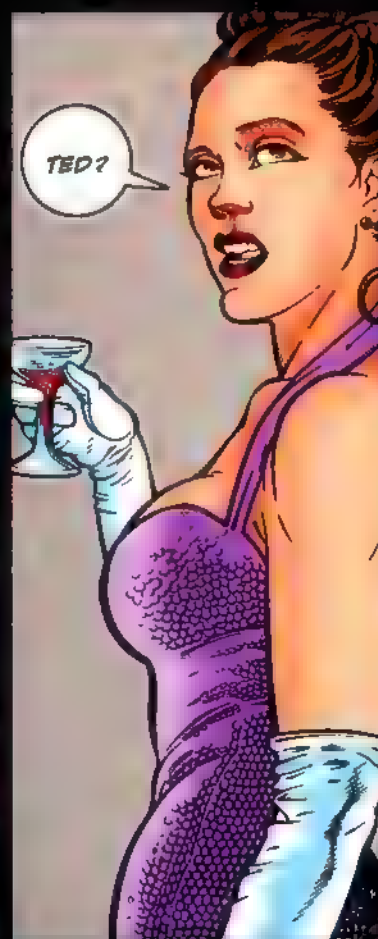
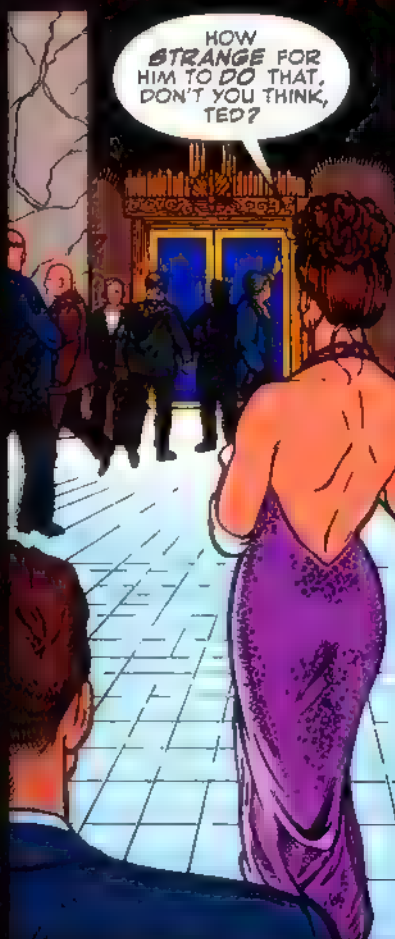
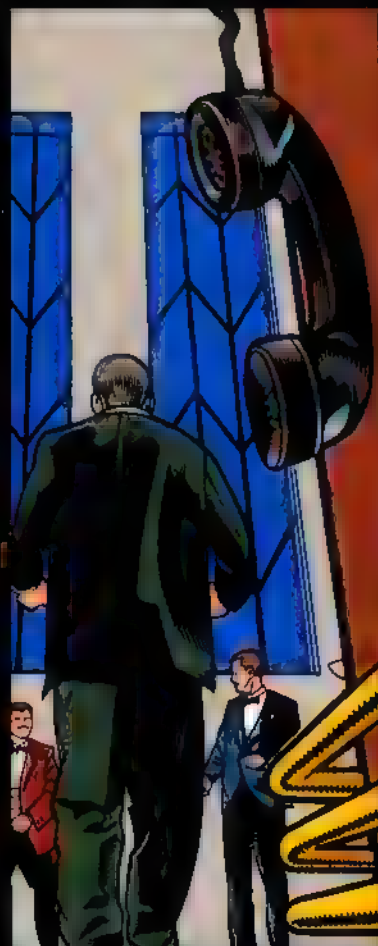
BLOCK,  
THE  
POST?



NO,  
HIS COUSIN  
THE BANKER. OLDER  
FELLOW. I THINK HE  
CAME HERE STAG  
TONIGHT. ANYWAY  
HE HAS A PHONE  
CALL.

WAIT,  
ISN'T THAT  
HIM OVER  
THERE?









I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THIS... CUT OUT... GOD KNOWS HOW I'M GOING TO EXPLAIN IT TO DORIS.

...BUT WITH THE MIST OUT THERE... A BANKER BOLTING FROM A PARTY IS REASON FOR INVESTIGATION.

GUT FEELING.

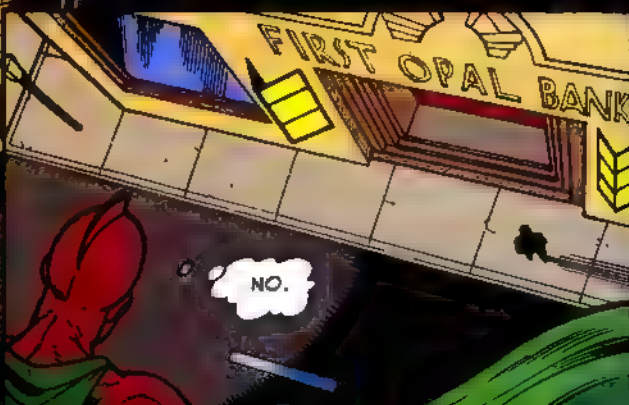
THE MORE I WEAR THE COSTUME, THE MORE I'M GETTING THEM.



THERE HE IS.

GOING TO THE FIRST OPAL BANK, WHERE HE'S THE PRESIDENT.

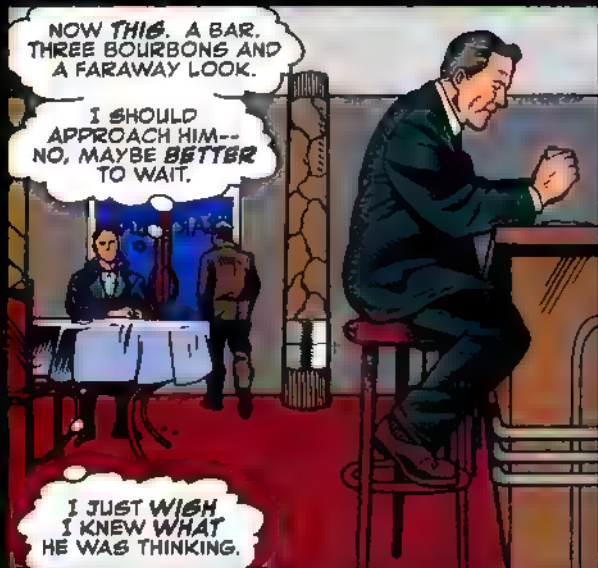
HIS STRIDE... DETERMINED.



NO.



HE'S TURNING AWAY.



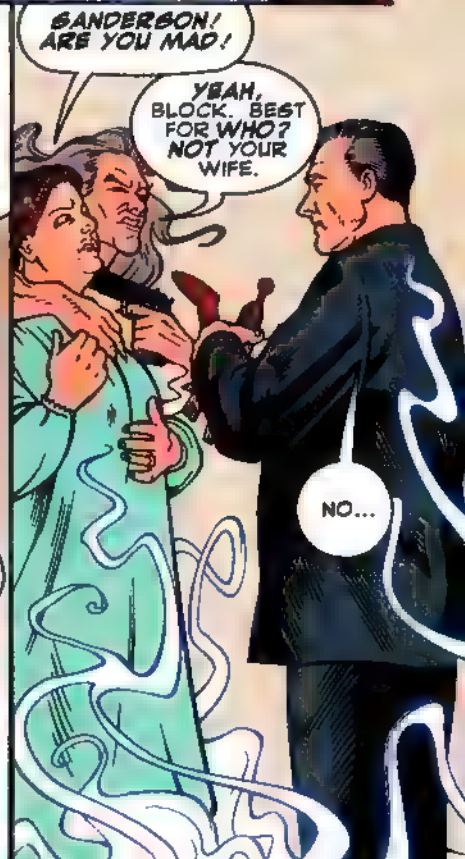
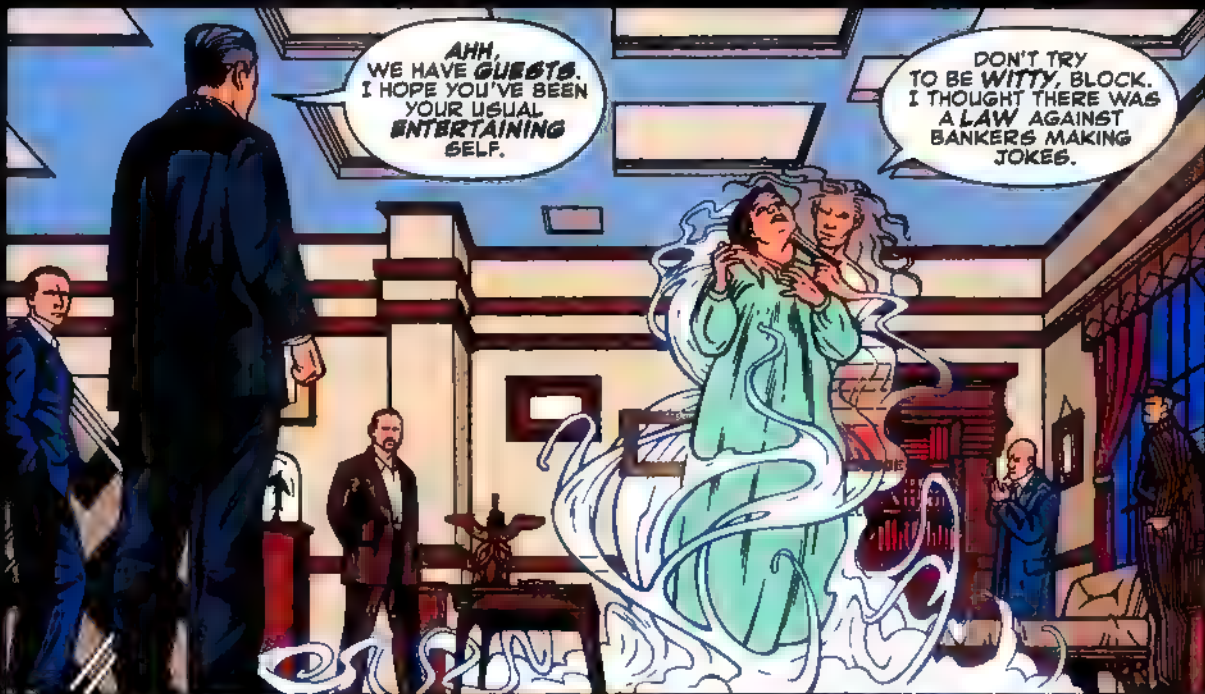
NOW THIS. A BAR. THREE BOURBONS AND A FARAWAY LOOK.

I SHOULD APPROACH HIM-- NO, MAYBE BETTER TO WAIT.

I JUST WISH I KNEW WHAT HE WAS THINKING.

















HAVE  
YOU NOTICED  
HOW, NO MATTER  
WHAT YOU ORDER  
YOUR MEN NOT TO  
LET ME DO...

KRAX

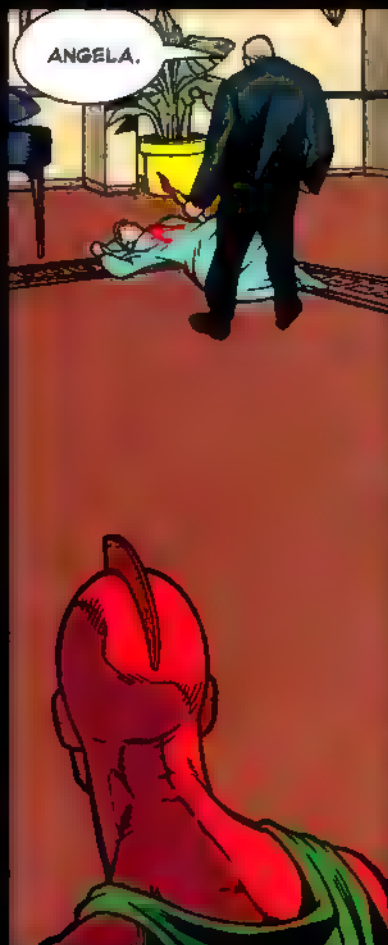
WHACK!

FWAP!

WHAP!

...I  
END UP  
DOING IT  
ANYWAY.







THEY SAID  
SOMETHING  
HAPPENED  
WITH THE KNIFE  
BEFORE.

THAT IT  
WAS UNLUCKY FOR  
THE WATTEAU FAMILY...  
MY WIFE'S FAMILY...  
HER MAIDEN NAME.  
UNLUCKY, YEAH...



...I  
GUESS  
THEY WERE  
RIGHT.

THE END



LISTEN UP, KIDDIES, AND  
I'LL TELL YOU A TALE.

'BOUT A GUY... YOUNG GUY...  
RAKISH GOOD LOOKS.

DID HIS NAVY STINT... SAW  
KOREA IN THE FIRST FEW WEEKS  
OF THAT WHOLE MESS.

'N GOT A FLOATING MINE  
SHOVED UP HIS HINDQUARTERS  
IN THE PROCESS.

HE IS ME, OF COURSE.  
ME. JAKE BENNETTI.

I ROB BANKS. GOT MYSELF  
THE CONTENTS OF A HALF  
DOZEN SAFETY DEPOSIT  
BOXES BELONGING TO OPAL'S  
WEALTHIEST RIGHT HERE, IN FACT.

SWEET DEAL,  
DON'T YOU--

HOLD THE  
PHONE. GIMME  
A SEC...

WHAT  
IN HELL...?

STARMAN?

NEED TO SKIDDOO.

HE'S  
CLOSING IN.  
BUT THE  
CLOSER HE  
GETS, THE  
LESS HE  
LOOKS THE  
PART...

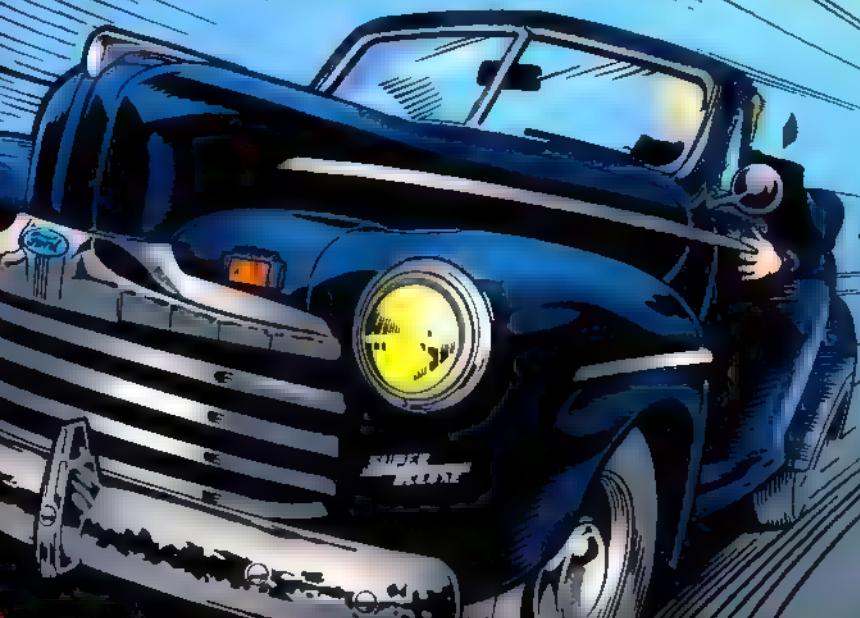
...STARMAN,  
THAT IS.

IN FACT, I  
GOTTA ASK...



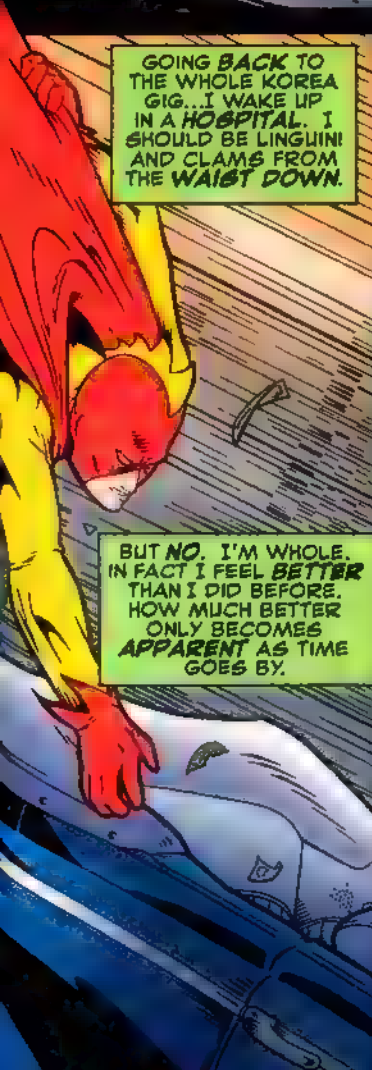
Bobo Benetti and the  
Starman of 1951 in

# THE GETAWAY



...WHO IN THE  
HELL IS THIS?

ANYWAY, THERE'S NO  
WAY THIS CHARLIE'S  
SPOILING MY INNER  
MONOLOGUE. WHAT  
KIND OF A **SQUARE**  
CAT WOULD I BE TO  
LET THAT HAPPEN.



GOING BACK TO  
THE WHOLE KOREA  
GIG...I WAKE UP  
IN A HOSPITAL. I  
SHOULD BE LINGUINI  
AND CLAMS FROM  
THE WAIST DOWN.

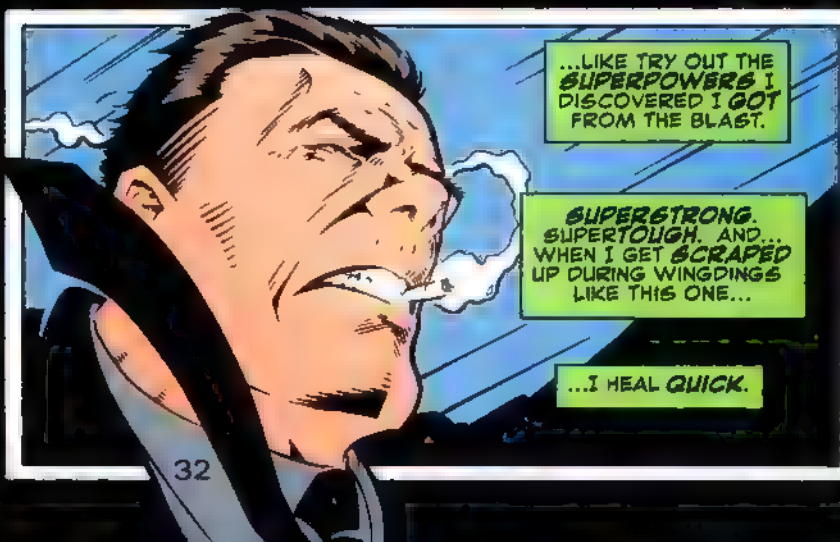
BUT NO. I'M WHOLE.  
IN FACT I FEEL BETTER  
THAN I DID BEFORE.  
HOW MUCH BETTER  
ONLY BECOMES  
APPARENT AS TIME  
GOES BY.



I GET MY NAVY  
DISCHARGE.

CAN'T WAIT TO GET BACK  
IN A PAIR OF PANTS WITH  
PLEATS AND TURN-UPS.  
CAN'T WAIT TO SLEEP IN  
UNTIL HALF AN HOUR  
BEFORE THE FIRST RACE.

CAN'T WAIT TO DO  
A LOT OF THINGS...



...LIKE TRY OUT THE  
SUPERPOWERS I  
DISCOVERED I GOT  
FROM THE BLAST.

**SUPERSTRONG.**  
SUPERTOUGH. AND...  
WHEN I GET **SCRAPED**  
UP DURING WINDINGS  
LIKE THIS ONE...

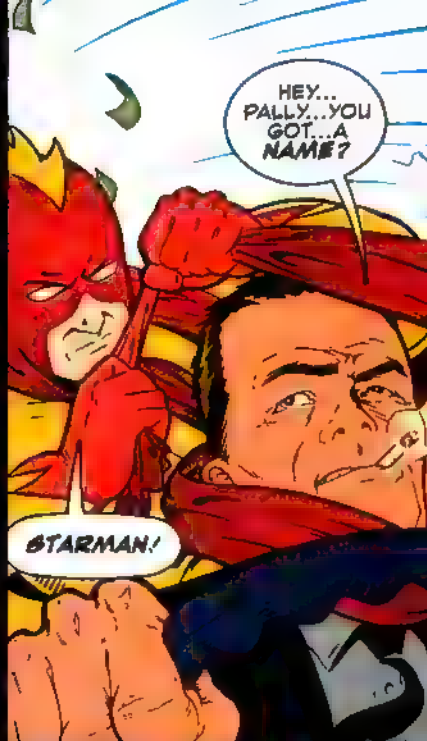
...I HEAL QUICK.





NOW, THIS GUY IS REALLY STARTING TO BUG ME. I WAS EXPECTING TO TUSBLE WITH STARMAN SOONER OR LATER. BOUND TO. BUT WHOEVER THIS GUY IS--

WAIT A MINUTE, WHY DON'T I JUST ASK HIM.



HEY... PALLY... YOU GOT... A NAME?

STARMAN!



NOT ANY... STARMAN I... KNOW. WHAT... HAPPENED TO THE... OLD ONE?

HE ISN'T YOUR CONCERN.

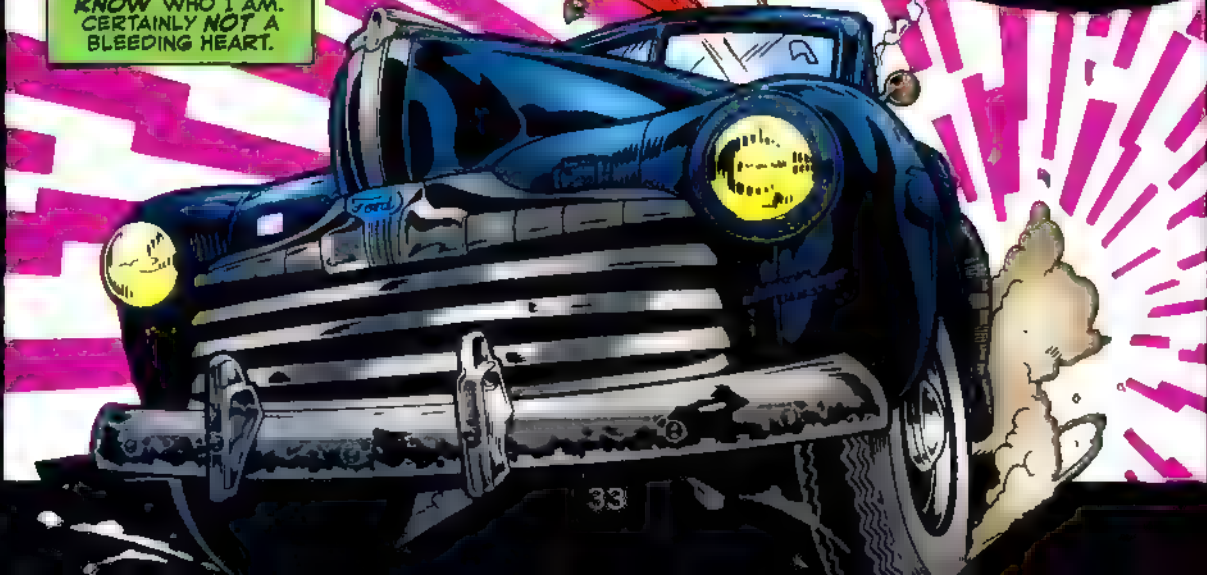


I AM!




ANYWAY, BACK WHEN I FIRST LEARNED I HAD POWERS, I THOUGHT ABOUT BEING A SUPERHERO.

...FOR LIKE A HALF A SECOND. BUT ME... I KNOW WHO I AM. CERTAINLY NOT A BLEEDING HEART.







AM I A BAD GUY? BUDDY, CAN'T SAY I KNOW.

BUT WHEN IT CAME THE TEST OF MY MORALS--

NO, WAIT UP. I GOTTA CONFESS...

...THERE WAS NO TEST...NO CROSSROADS. I NEEDED DOUGH FOR A TIP I GOT AT THE TRACK, SO I ROBBED A BANK. A SMALL BANK.

AND WITH MY POWERS IT WAS EASY. AND FUN!

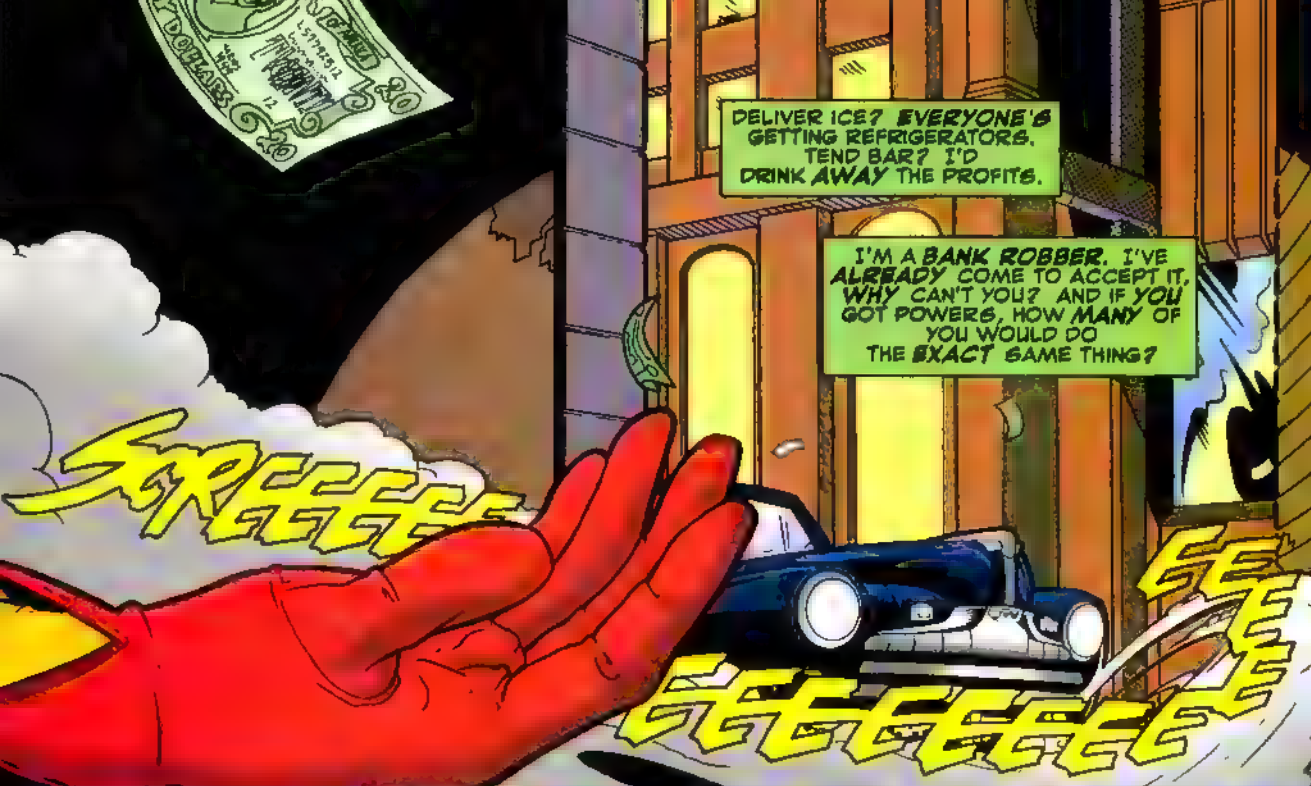
YOU COULD HAVE KILLED THEM!

YEAH, BUT I DIDN'T!

THAT WAS THREE...NO, FOUR EASY, FUN HEISTS AGO.

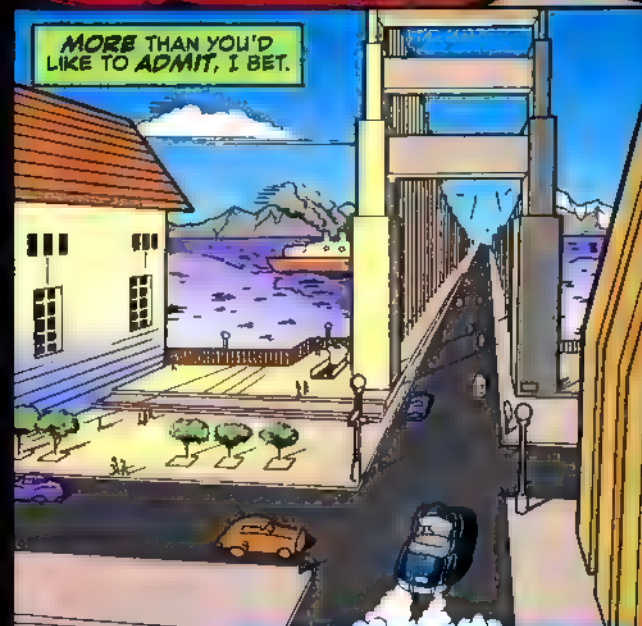
DON'T LOOK AT ME THAT WAY, WHAT ELSE WAS I GONNA DO?





DELIVER ICE? EVERYONE'S  
GETTING REFRIGERATORS.  
TEND BAR? I'D  
DRINK AWAY THE PROFITS.

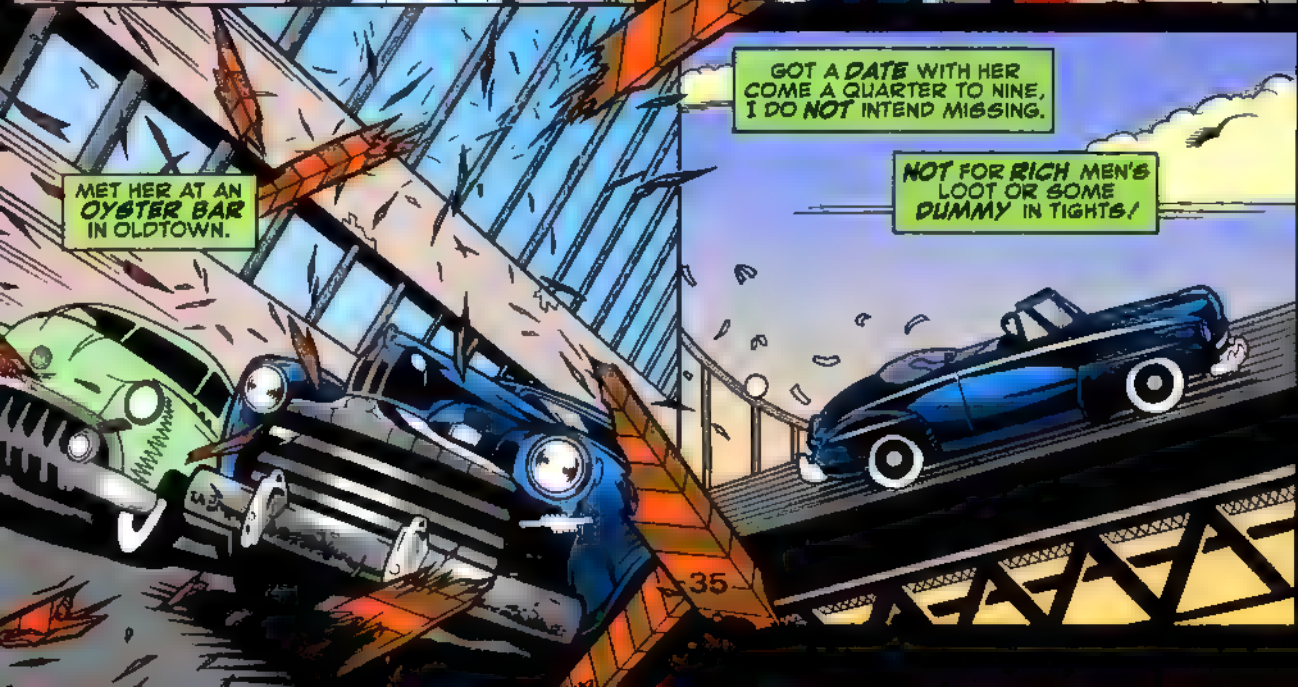
I'M A BANK ROBBER. I'VE  
ALREADY COME TO ACCEPT IT,  
WHY CAN'T YOU? AND IF YOU  
GOT POWERS, HOW MANY OF  
YOU WOULD DO  
THE EXACT SAME THING?



MORE THAN YOU'D  
LIKE TO ADMIT, I BET.



I GOT A FILLY...  
CUTE...MY KIND OF  
CUTE...SWEET BUT  
FIERCE IN THE  
CLINCHES, YOU DIG?



GOT A DATE WITH HER  
COME A QUARTER TO NINE,  
I DO NOT INTEND MISSING.

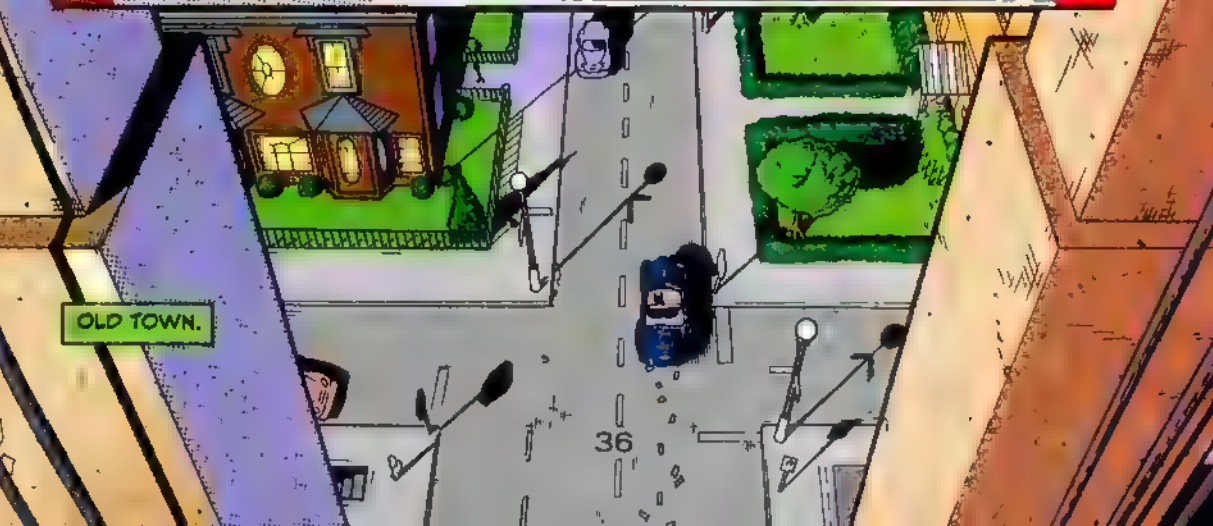
NOT FOR RICH MEN'S  
LOOT OR SOME  
DUMMY IN TIGHTS!

MET HER AT AN  
OYSTER BAR  
IN OLDTOWN.






NOW ENTERING HISTORIC  
**OLDTOWN**








THEN UP TO A  
LITTLE **BUNGALOW**  
I GOT IN THE HILLS.

**COZY AND REMOTE.**  
I'LL GET HOME IN TIME TO  
MIX MYSELF A **DRINK** AND  
CATCH THE LAST RACE AT  
**SARATOGA** BEFORE IT'S  
TIME TO GO OUT AGAIN. HOPE  
I'VE GOT **OLIVES** IN THE--

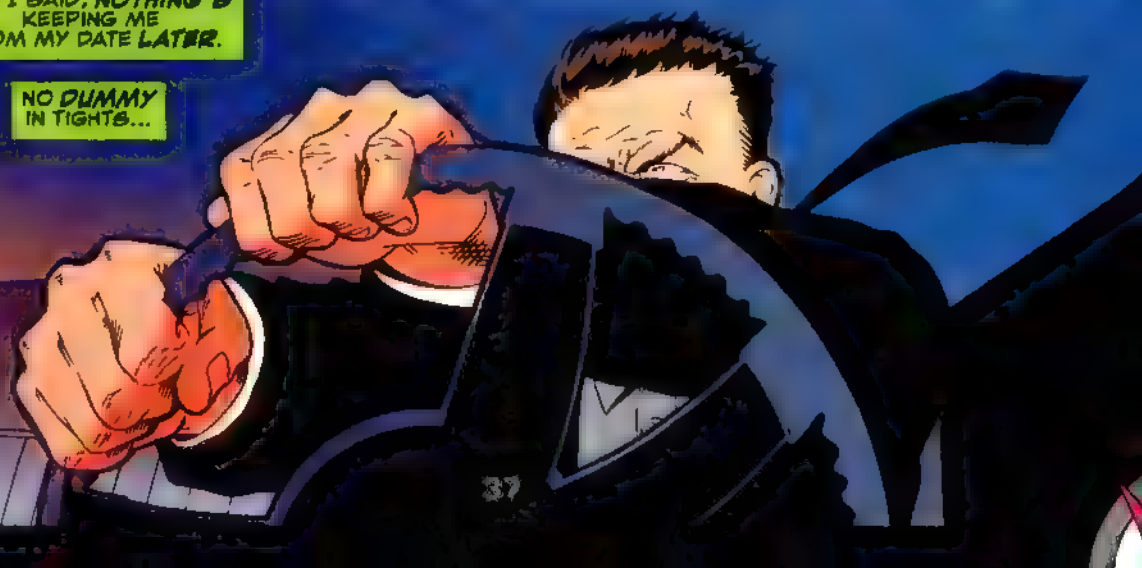


DAMN, AND I'M  
**TOO CLOSE TO HOME.**

GOTTA DO  
SOMETHING  
**DECISIVE.**

LIKE I SAID, **NOTHING'S**  
KEEPING ME  
FROM MY DATE **LATER.**

NO **DUMMY**  
IN TIGHTS...





...OR RICH  
MEN'S LOOT!



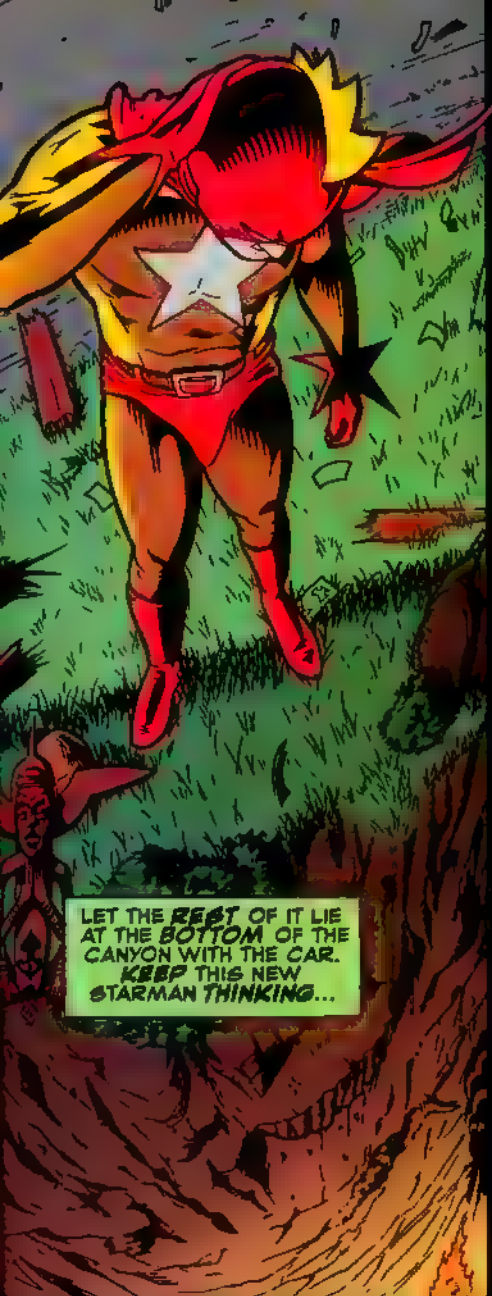




THERE'S *ONE* THING YOU  
MAY NOT KNOW ABOUT  
ME. I'M A CAT WHO *ISN'T*  
AFRAID TO CUT AND RUN.

I TOOK A LITTLE CRAZY  
CASH FROM THE LARGER  
HAUL. ENOUGH DOUGH  
FOR TWO STEAK DINNERS  
AND A DANCE TONIGHT.





LET THE REST OF IT LIE  
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE  
CANYON WITH THE CAR.  
KEEP THIS NEW  
STARMAN THINKING...



...THAT MAYBE I'M  
DOWN THERE TOO.

TOMORROW I'LL DO IT  
ALL OVER. BANK ROBBERIES  
ARE LIKE POKER AFTER ALL,  
NOTHING WON OR LOST BY  
ONE HAND PLAYED. NOT  
IF YOU'RE PLAYING RIGHT.



I COULD'A SNEAKED  
DOWN AND CLOBBERED  
THIS NEW STARMAN FROM  
BEHIND. THOUGHT ABOUT IT.



HELL, I THOUGHT  
ABOUT KILLING HIM!

BUT NO. ROBBERY'S ONE  
THING. MURDER'S A  
WHOLE DIFFERENT SCAT.

AM I A BAD  
GUY? BUDDY, CAN'T  
SAY I KNOW.



STILL PITY ABOUT THE  
LOOT DOWN THERE.

SOME OF IT THAT DIDN'T  
GET SCORCHED'LL BE  
GATHERED UP AT LEAST.

YEAH, BUT SOME  
OF IT'LL NEVER  
GET FOUND.

THE  
END

LET'S GO BACK TO  
A SIMPLER TIME.

WHEN AN OLDER, WISER  
BUT NO LESS ABLE STARMAN  
PROTECTED OPAL CITY.

AND THEY WHO GROW WERE  
STILL YOUNG, EAGER, FULL  
OF FUN, MISCHIEF, HUMOR.

YES, LET'S TAKE  
A VISIT TO THOSE  
LOVABLE SCAMPS...

OH BOY,  
OH BOY. NOW  
WE'RE GONNA  
HAVE SOME  
FUN.

YEAH, WE'RE  
GONNA CATCH THE  
CARDBOARD GANG.  
BEFORE THEY ROB  
ANOTHER BANK  
IN TOWN.

WAIT UP,  
YOU GUYS. NOT  
SO FAST!

THOSE LI'L O'DARES (AND PATROLMAN CLARENCE) IN

# The OLD CODGER

MATT

HOPE

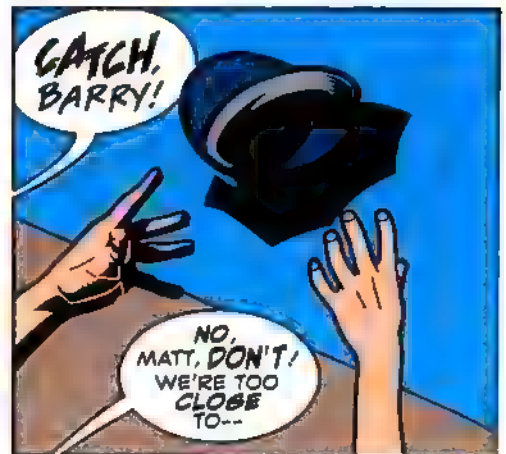
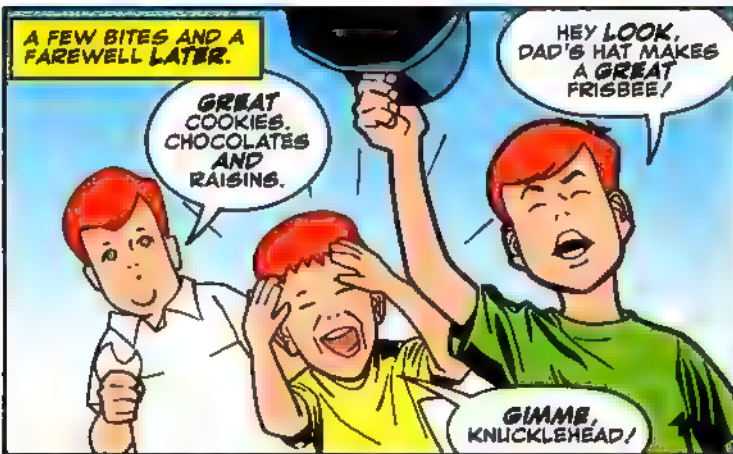
BARRY

MASON







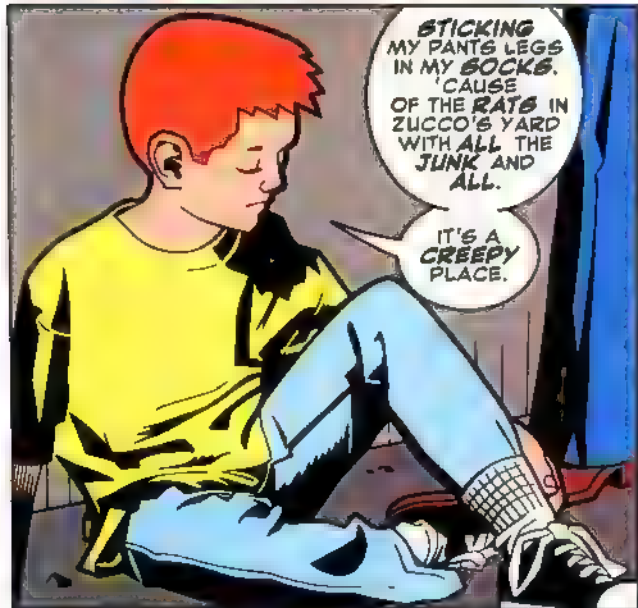




OLD MAN  
ZUCCO'S YARD.  
YOU FORGET  
HE LIVED NEXT  
DOOR TO MRS.  
TOLLIVER?

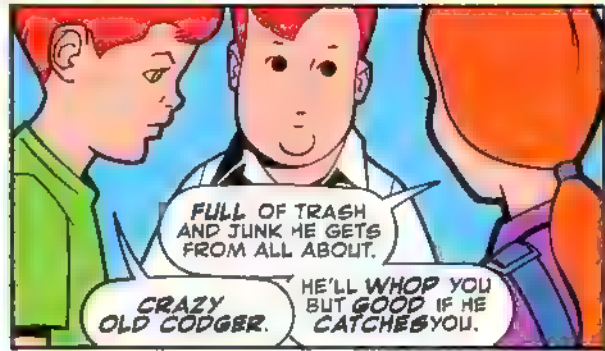
GREAT  
CATCH, BARRY. YOU  
MAKE FUN OF HOPE,  
BUT YOU CATCH MORE  
LIKE A GIRL THAN SHE  
DOES.

MASON,  
WHAT'CHA  
DOIN'?



STICKING  
MY PANTS LEGS  
IN MY SOCKS.  
'CAUSE  
OF THE RATS IN  
ZUCCO'S YARD  
WITH ALL THE  
JUNK AND  
ALL.

IT'S A  
CREEPY  
PLACE.



FULL OF TRASH  
AND JUNK HE GETS  
FROM ALL ABOUT.

CRAZY  
OLD CODGER.

HE'LL WHOP YOU  
BUT GOOD IF HE  
CATCHES YOU.



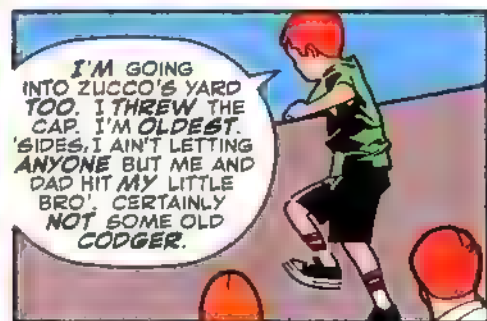
WOW,  
HE'S JUMPED  
THE FENCE.

I  
GOTTA GO.  
I TOOK DAD'S  
CAP. 'N I KNOW  
I'LL GET WHOPPED  
GOOD BY DAD,  
HE FINDS OUT  
I DONE  
IT.

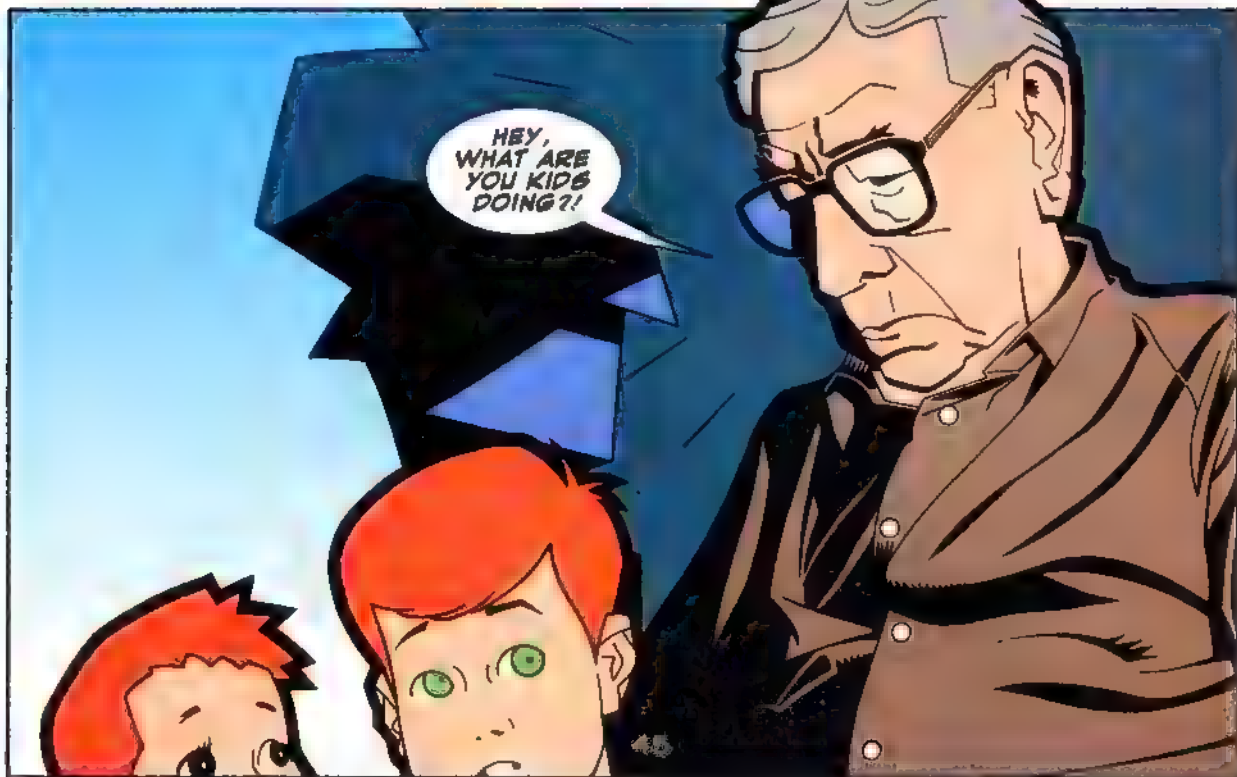
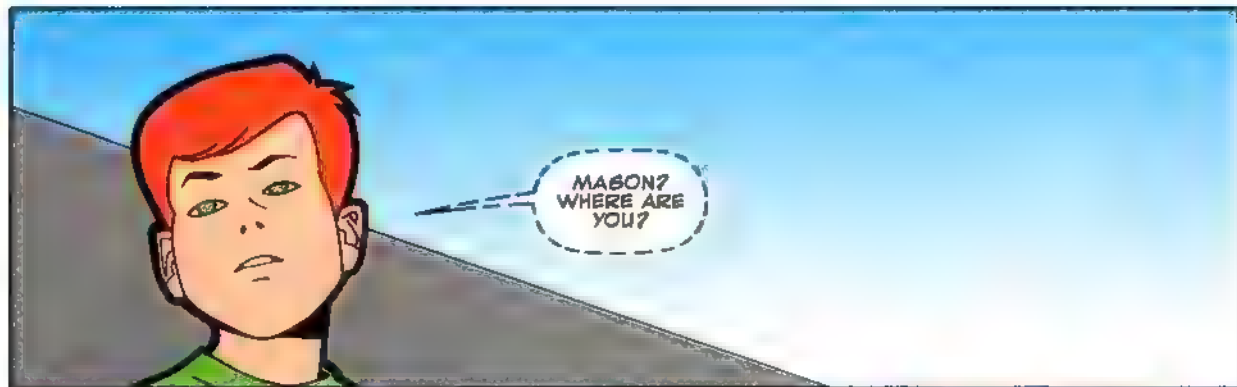


WHERE'D  
HE LEARN THAT  
ACROBATIC  
STUFF?

GYM  
CLASS, DUMMY.  
WHERE'D  
YOU THINK?



I'M GOING  
INTO ZUCCO'S YARD  
TOO. I THREW THE  
CAP. I'M OLDEST.  
SIDES, I AIN'T LETTING  
ANYONE BUT ME AND  
DAD HIT MY LITTLE  
BRO. CERTAINLY  
NOT SOME OLD  
CODGER.







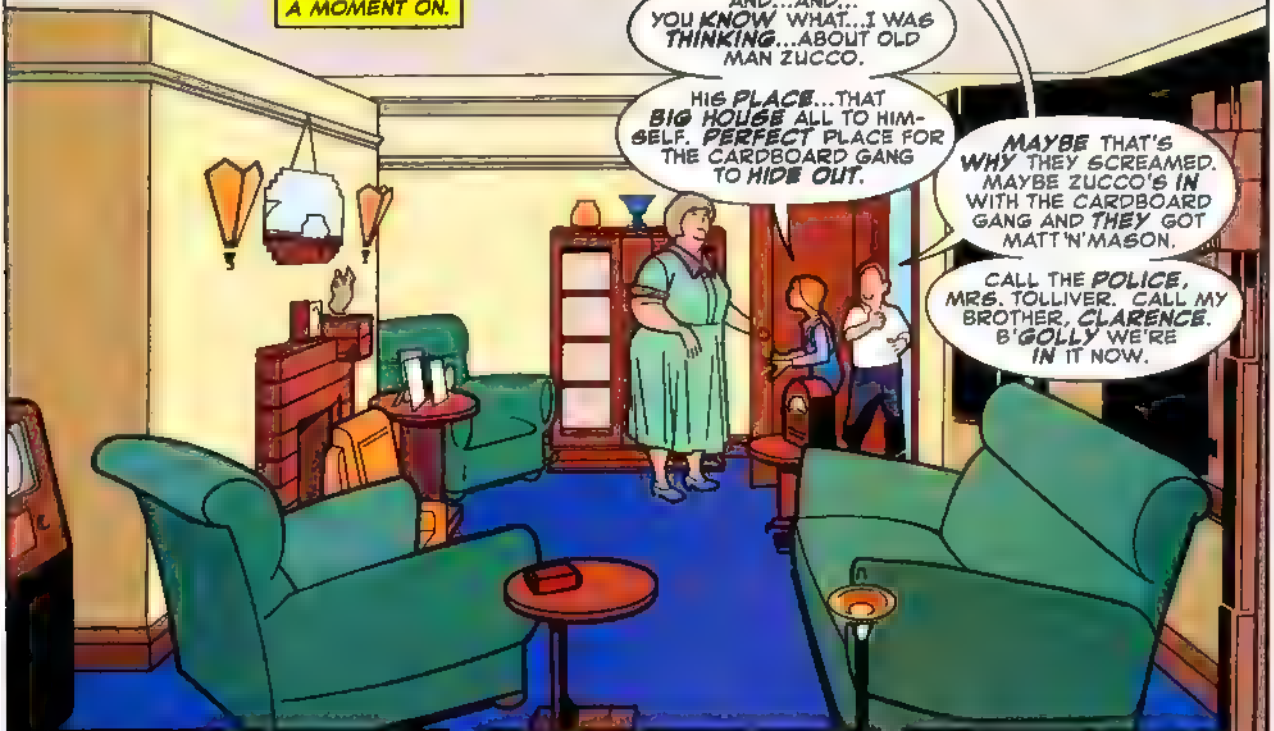
YOU HEAR THAT? ZUCCO'S KILLING THEM!



LET'S GO GET HELP!

MRS. TOLLIVER... ZUCCO'S HER NEIGHBOR. SHE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO.

A MOMENT ON.



AND...AND... YOU KNOW WHAT... I WAS THINKING... ABOUT OLD MAN ZUCCO.

HIS PLACE... THAT BIG HOUSE ALL TO HIMSELF. PERFECT PLACE FOR THE CARDBOARD GANG TO HIDE OUT.

MAYBE THAT'S WHY THEY SCREAMED. MAYBE ZUCCO'S IN WITH THE CARDBOARD GANG AND THEY GOT MATT'N MASON.

CALL THE POLICE, MRS. TOLLIVER. CALL MY BROTHER, CLARENCE. B'GOLLY WE'RE IN IT NOW.

HAVE SOME MILK AND MORE COOKIES. I'LL CALL THE POLICE FROM THE OTHER ROOM.

THOUGH I'M SURE IT'S NOTHING.

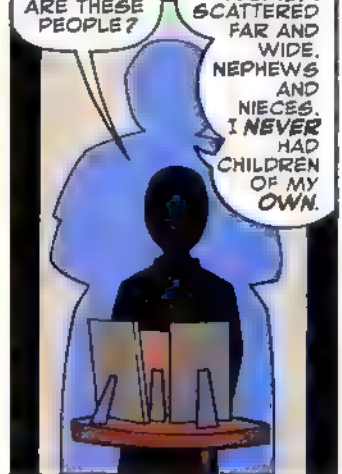
GREAT COOKIES, HOPE YOU'RE MISSING OUT.

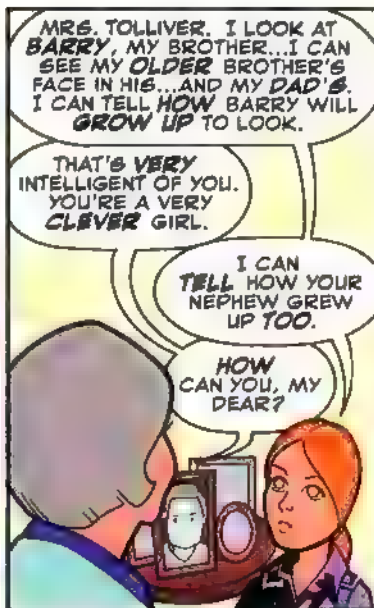
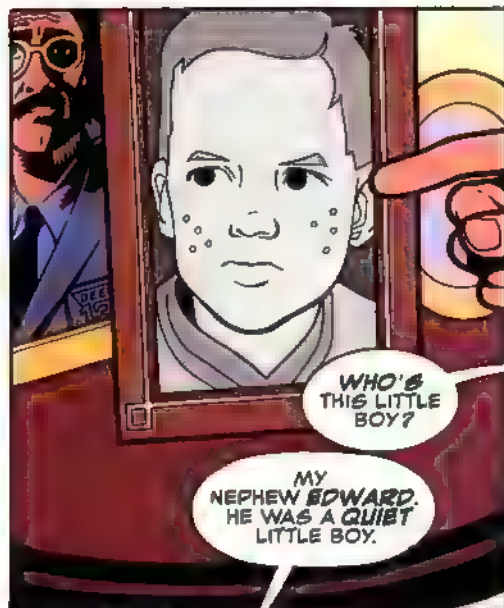
ERY... I'M LOOKING AT THESE PHOTOS.

I CALLED THE POLICE. THEY'LL BE HERE SHORTLY.

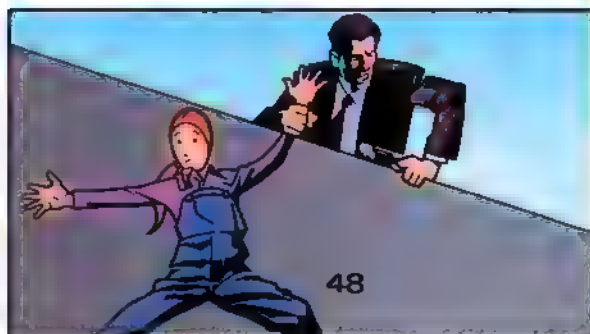
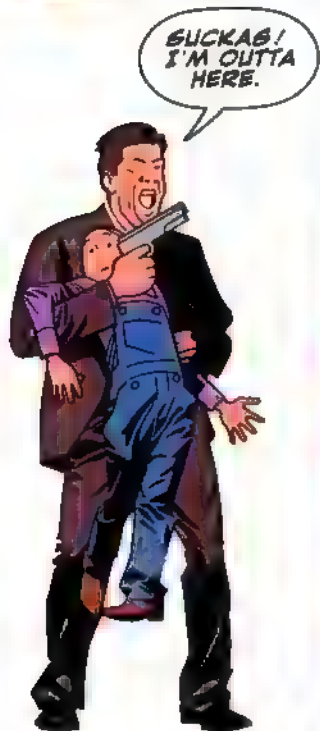
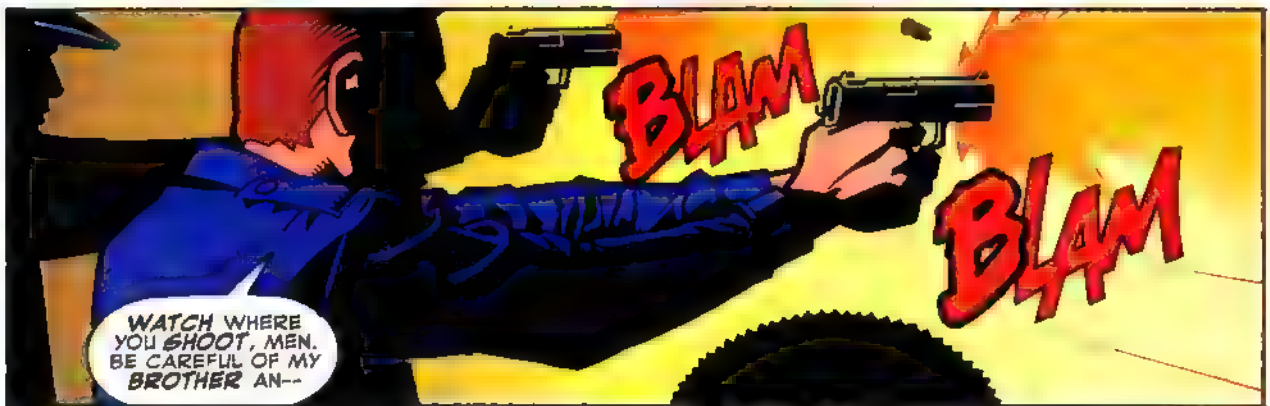
WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?

MY FAMILY. SCATTERED FAR AND WIDE, NEPHEWS AND NIECES. I NEVER HAD CHILDREN OF MY OWN.











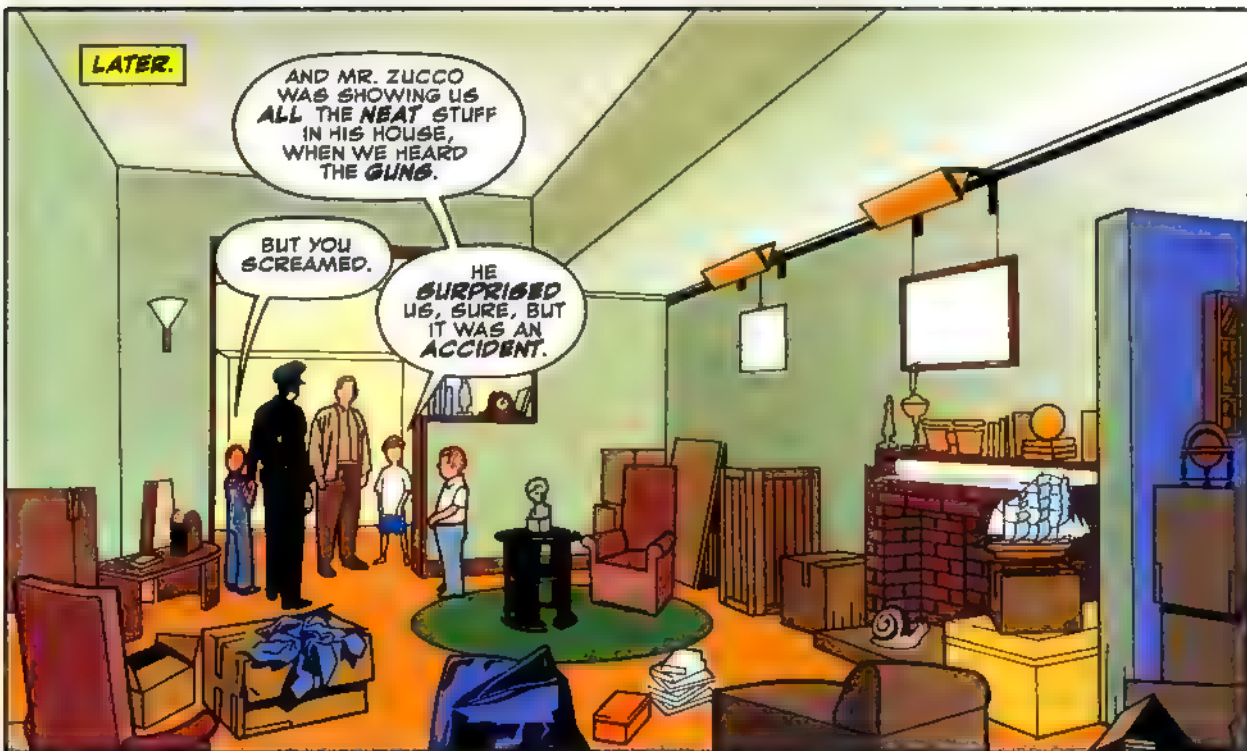


LATER.

AND MR. ZUCCO WAS SHOWING US ALL THE NEAT STUFF IN HIS HOUSE, WHEN WE HEARD THE GUNS.

BUT YOU SCREAMED.

HE SURPRISED US, SURE, BUT IT WAS AN ACCIDENT.



I'M OLD AND NO ONE VISITS ME, SO I GUESS I'VE GROWN A LITTLE ODD IN MY WAYS...

...BUT I'D NEVER HARM A CHILD.

YOU'RE A HERO, MR. ZUCCO. THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE.

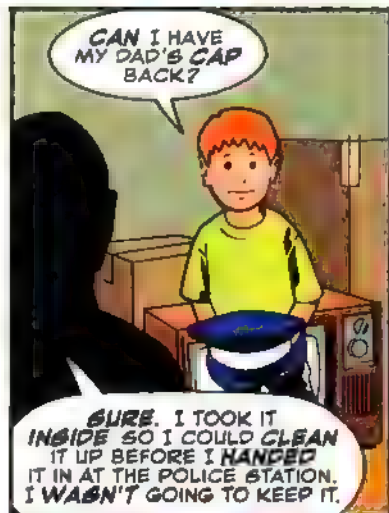


GOOD THING WE KNEW ABOUT MRS. TOLLIVER'S FAMILY LINK TO EDDIE AND WE HAD THE HOUSE STAKED OUT. OTHERWISE WE MIGHT NOT HAVE THESE SMILES ON OUR FACES.



CAN I HAVE MY DAD'S CAP BACK?

SURE. I TOOK IT INSIDE SO I COULD CLEAN IT UP BEFORE I HANDED IT IN AT THE POLICE STATION. I WASN'T GOING TO KEEP IT.



WHAT ABOUT YOU, MATT? YOU WERE SO BRAVE GRABBING YOUR SISTER AWAY FROM THAT VILLAIN. ANYTHING HERE YOU'D LIKE?

WELL...

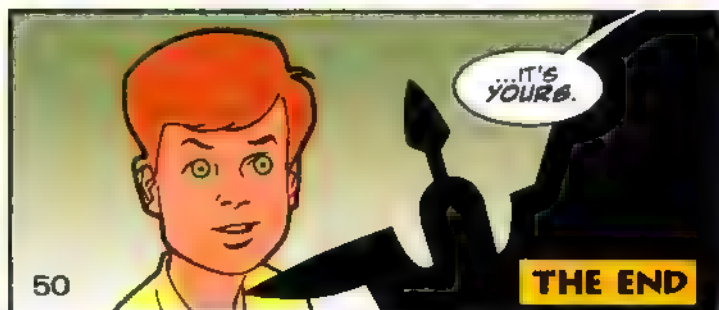


...THAT AFRICAN STATUE THING IS KINDA NEAT.

THAT OLD THING? I FOUND IT OUT IN THE HILLS ONE DAY. YOU WANT IT...



...IT'S YOURS.





I'M FIGHTING A  
VILLAIN...VILLA...  
SWISS VILLA...NO.

A VILLAIN.

I'VE FOUGHT  
HIM...BEFORE.

MOths  
FLUTTER  
BELOW...I...

I'VE FOUGHT HIM.


BUT THIS TIME...THE  
PILLS HAVE KICKED IN...

HEAD...SAND-  
STORM...POOR  
POUR THE  
COFFEE...

AND I DON'T KNOW IF I'M REALLY  
FIGHTING THE VILLAIN AGAIN...

OF IF ALL JUST A...GRASS  
BLADE...A FRIEND...BRUCE...AND

...THIS...A...  
IS...A...PART  
OF THE TRIP.



**Mikaal Tomas-**  
**STARMAN** *in*  
**NO MERCY**





I'VE BEEN HERE...  
EARTH...MERIDIAN...  
FOR MONTHS...MANY...  
PERHAPS A YEAR.



SOME TIME  
IN THE APPLE.

HELPING TO DEFEND  
AGAINST MY PEOPLE.  
INVADING RACE.

ME, THE TRAITOR.  
HERO? OR  
SANDWICH?



THEN TIME IN OPAL  
CITY...WHERE THERE  
ALREADY IS A HERO...  
A STARMAN.

BUT I AM FROM  
THE STARS. A  
STARMAN TOO.



I CAME IN  
HOPE OF HAVEN

I FIND IT...I FIND STROBE LIGHTS  
AND TURN THE BEAT AROUND. I FIND  
PILLS AND POWDERS. I FIND GRASS  
THAT'S BETTER DEAD AND DRIED THAN  
GROWING LUSH AND GREEN.



I FIND LIQUID DRIED INTO SMALL...  
TINY SMALL PAPER SQUARES. I  
DRINK TEA AND PLACE ONE SUCH  
TORN SHARD ON MY TONGUE.



BLUE SKIN.  
COOL.

CRAZY CHICKS

BAD DUDES

IT TASTES  
GOOD. LIKE A  
SAMPLE?



I LIVE WITH **BRUCE** AND **TIFFANY**. THEY WERE LOVERS. THEN TIFFANY AND I BECAME INTIMATE. THEN BRUCE AND I. NOW EACH NIGHT BRINGS VARIATION.

THIS IS FUN.

THE FLOWERS ARE PRETTY.

I KNOW A WAY WE CAN HAVE MORE FUN. COME ON...

"...THE VAN'S NOT FAR AWAY."

BUT TIFFANY WAS CALLOW IN HER NEEDS.

LOVE  
INDIANA  
BLE ★ MAY 66









DIDN'T  
DO MUCH.

MET HEROES.  
ONE NEW  
AND GREEN.

FOUGHT  
ROBBERS.

THUGS WHO  
STROVE FOR PENNIES,  
NOT PEARLS.

FOUGHT ONE  
VILLAIN...THE GONER.  
BEAT HIM.



THEN I FOUGHT ANOTHER...  
THIS VILLAIN...NO MERCY. BANK  
HEIST. HE KILLED THREE.

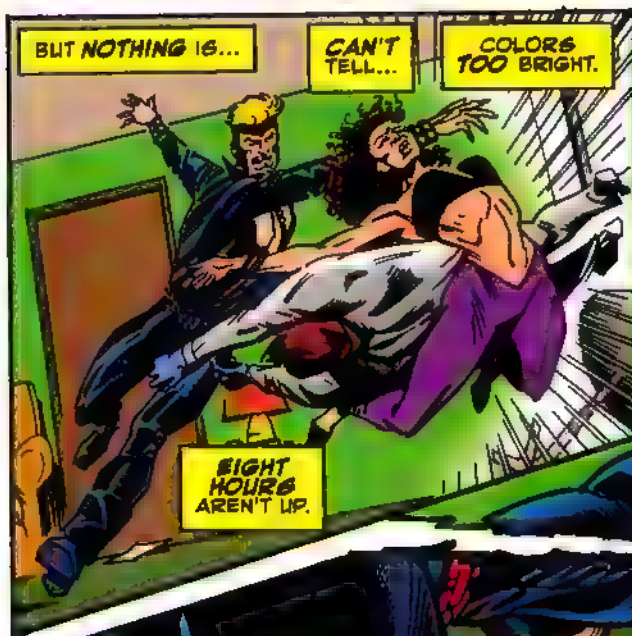
OUR EYES MET  
NOW IN THIS TIME.  
LIKE OLD FRIENDS  
WHO AREN'T.

AND IT  
BEGAN LIKE  
ALWAYS...



...BRIGHT MUSCLES AND STRONG  
LIGHTS AND CURTIS MAYFIELD'S  
BONGOS IN MY SKULL.





BUT NOTHING IS...

CAN'T  
TELL...

COLORS  
TOO BRIGHT.

EIGHT  
HOURS  
AREN'T UP.



PLUS THE  
PILLS.

IS THE FLOOR  
THE CEILING?

IS THIS  
HAPPENING?

IS IT NO MERCY?  
COULD BE BRUCE.  
SHOULDN'T FIGHT TO  
KILL, IT MIGHT--

PAIN.



PAIN.

PAIN.

PAIN.

IS IT?

OR AM I  
IMAGINING  
PAIN?

GRONX!

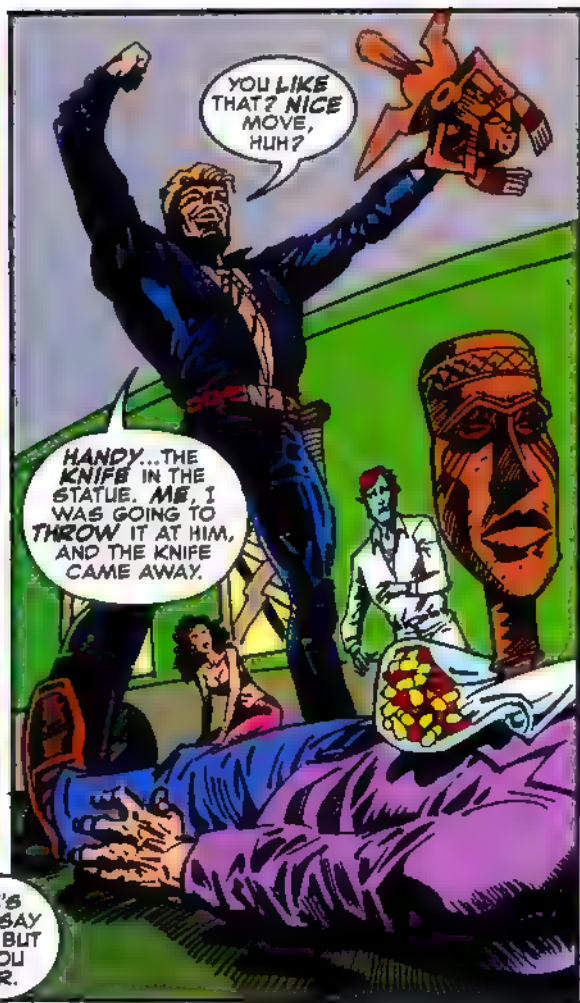
CLUTTER. MESS  
AND SHAG PILE.

WHO  
DROPPED  
PEANUT  
BUTTER?--

TAKE HIS FAITH!  
WHOEVER HE IS...

...THESE FLAIRS  
WERE ITALIAN.



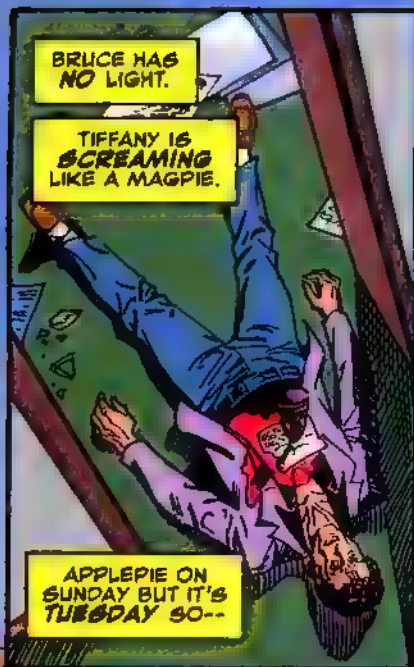


TIFFANY HAD GONE WITH THE KID, NOT A BOY, NOT YET A MAN. WE NEEDED MONEY. SHE LEFT THE KID'S HOUSE IN THE NIGHT, WITH THE MONEY IN HIS SIDE TABLE AND A FEW TRINKETS.

SHE TOLD ME THE KID SAID HE'D JUST APPLIED AS A POLICE CADET. HIS FATHER WAS. HIS BROTHER WAS.



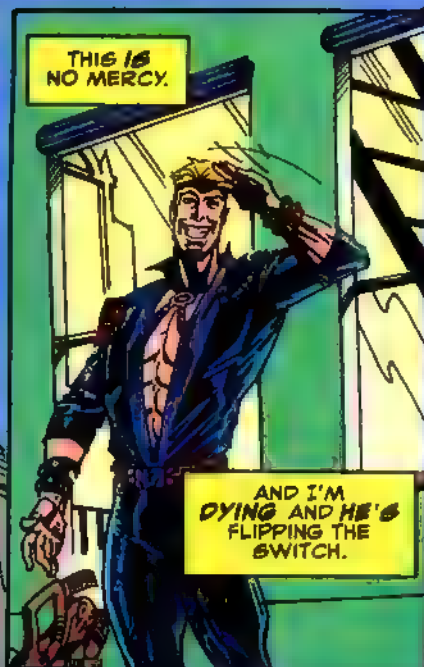




BRUCE HAS  
NO LIGHT.

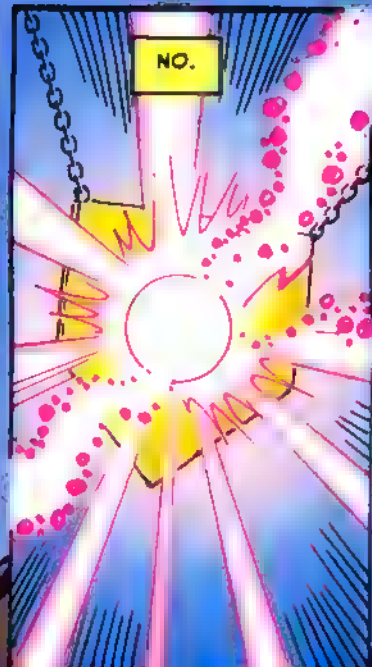
TIFFANY IS  
**SCREAMING**  
LIKE A MAGPIE.

APPLEPIE ON  
SUNDAY BUT IT'S  
TUESDAY SO--



THIS IS  
NO MERCY.

AND I'M  
DYING AND HE'S  
FLIPPING THE  
SWITCH.

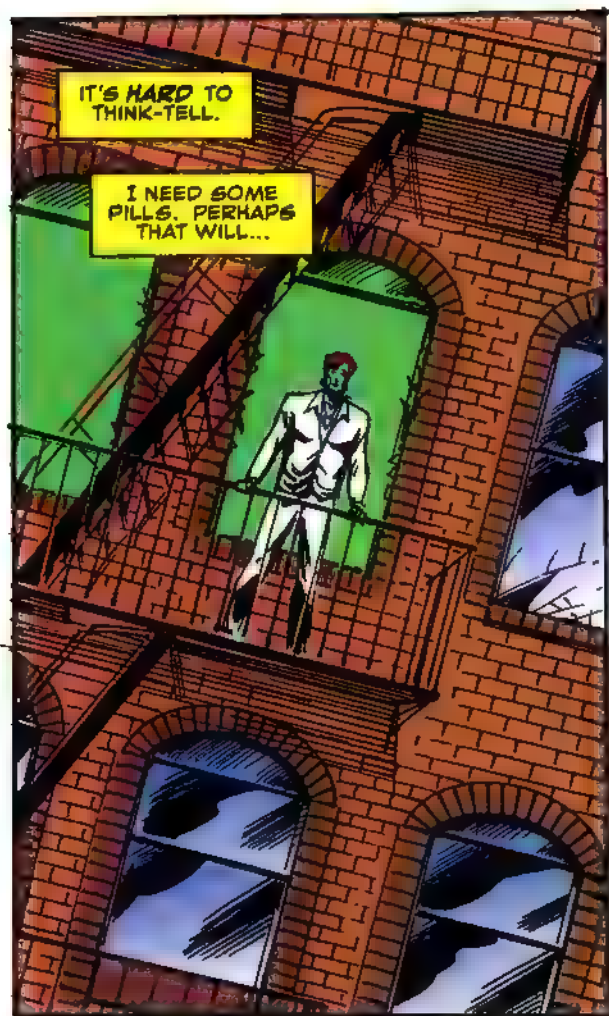


NO.



I FLIP.









KILL  
YOU!

BLOOD IN  
THE GUTTERS!  
YEAH, OH  
YEAH!

THE KNIFE'S  
BEAUTIFUL...

BUT NOT SO  
I'M GONNA LET  
IT SNUFF MY  
CANDLE.





KILL  
YOU  
YET!

YOUR  
OWN  
WEAPON!

Nuh-uh.



I CAN  
CONTROL IT WITH  
MY THOUGHTS. YOU  
KNEW THAT AND  
THOUGHT "WHAT  
THE HELL," I'M  
GUESSING.

WHOA,  
SILVER.

WHERE'S  
THE  
STEEPLECHASE  
YOU GOTTA  
RUN?



HAHA  
HAHA  
HA

GREAT, HAVE PSYCHOSIS  
WILL TRAVEL. HEIGHT'S  
NOT A PROBLEM.

WHERE'S  
HE GOING?

I DON'T  
KNOW.

THEN  
WHY?

TO  
ESCAPE  
YOU, I  
IMAGINE.

NO. WHY  
THE  
KILLINGS?

YOU HAD ALL THE  
PIECES. ALMOST.  
THE JAZZ BAND  
ME AND THE OTHER  
FOUR. IT WAS A  
FOLLY OF MINE  
BACK THEN.

SO?

GIRLS  
WERE MY  
OTHER FOLLY.

SANDS HAD A SISTER.  
SHE WAS WILD. SHE KNEW  
ANOTHER FELLOW WHO  
WAS KNOWN AS  
STARMAN THEN.

BLUE  
SKIN

I KNOW  
HIM. AND?

EXCEPT, I DOUBT  
THE BIRD EVER HAD  
A TRIP LIKE THE ONE  
I TOOK.

MY BAND CAME  
OVER THE NEXT MORNING  
AND FOUND ME COMING  
TO. TIFFANY WAS DEAD  
BESIDE ME...BEATEN  
TO DEATH.

HER NAME WAS  
TIFFANY. AFTER HER BLUE  
BOY VANISHED WE HOOKED  
UP. SHE WAS HOOKED ON  
SMACK LIKE HER BROTHER.  
THEY GOT ME INTO  
IT...I DABBLED.

ANYTHING GOOD  
ENOUGH FOR CHARLIE  
PARKER IS GOOD  
ENOUGH FOR ME,  
RIGHT?



WHAT DID SANDS DO?

**NOTHING.** HE HAD NO GREAT LOVE FOR HIS SISTER. **NOTHING** THAT THE LOVE OF MONEY TO FEED HIS HABIT DIDN'T **OUTWEIGH.**

THE REST OF THE BAND...BLAKE, LEWIS, TRUELOVE. THEY WERE **YOUNG...** ALL OF THEM...THEY HAD THEIR **FUTURE** GOALS IN SIGHT.

THOSE GOALS ARE **EASIER** OBTAINED BY MONEY AT THE **ONSET.**

SO YOU **PAID** FOR THEIR FUTURES IN RETURN FOR THEIR **SILENCE?**

AND A COUPLE OF YEARS LATER WHEN SANDS **OVERDOSED** I THOUGHT THAT WAS IT. THE **OTHERS** WERE ACCESSORIES TO MURDER **NONE** OF THEM WERE GOING TO SABOTAGE FOR SOME SKANK LITTLE JUNKIE'S DEATH

BUT SANDS, HE'D BEEN A **DRAIN** ON MY RESOURCES. A HABIT...FEEDING **HIS...**THE ONLY GOOD THING TO COME **OUT** OF IT WAS THAT I NO **LONGER** HAD THE **SPARE** INCOME TO INDULGE MY OWN.

BUT HE **WASN'T** DEAD.

**NO.** HE **FAKED** HIS DEATH. FOR **CRIMES** OF HIS OWN HE'D COMMITTED.

A YEAR AGO, HE **RETURNED** FROM THE GRAVE THE **EXTORTION** BEGAN AGAIN.

HE'D CONTACTED THE **OTHER** BAND MEMBERS. HE TOLD ME THEY'D BACK HIS STORY IF HE WENT TO THE POLICE.

THEY **DENIED** THIS, ALL OF THEM. BUT I **COULDN'T** TAKE THAT CHANCE.

SO YOU DRESSED A **PSYCHO** UP AS RAGDOLL.


NOT SUCH AN **EASY** TASK. HAVE YOU **EVER** TRIED FINDING A **PSYCHO** WHEN YOU **NEED** ONE?

I KNEW THIS TOWN WAS **TERRIFIED** OF RAGDOLL'S MEMORY. I KNEW THE CITY WOULD BE THROWN INTO SUCH A **PANIC** MY INVOLVEMENT WITH THE **OTHER** VICTIMS STOOD A **GOOD** CHANCE OF BEING **OVERLOOKED.**

**FUNNY.** THE **KNIFE** THE LUNATIC WAS GOING TO USE. THAT WAS **TIFFANY'S.** SHE **GAVE** IT TO ME.

HOW **DELIGHTFULLY** **IRONIC** IF HE'D KILLED YOU WITH IT.

**YEAH.** **DELIGHTFUL.**



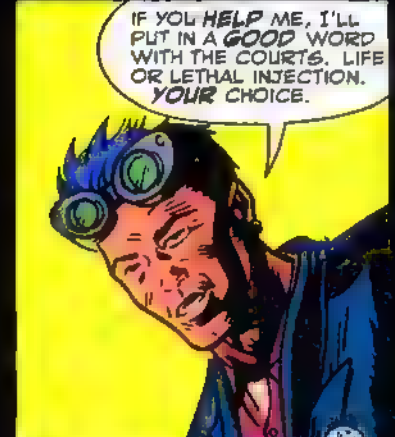
SO WHO  
IS THIS  
NUTJOB?

COLBY ZAG. I  
MET HIM THROUGH  
THE INTERNET.

Ahhh,  
PROGRESS IS  
A WONDERFUL  
THING.

AND WHERE WOULD  
HE GO? HIS HOME?

HE LIVED WITH  
ME. I DON'T KNOW  
WHERE HE'D RUN




IF YOU HELP ME, I'LL  
PUT IN A GOOD WORD  
WITH THE COURTS. LIFE  
OR LETHAL INJECTION.  
YOUR CHOICE.



Hmmm.

WELL HIS  
ROLE WAS  
PRETTY  
INGRAINED. I  
SAW TO THAT.  
LOT OF  
COACHING.



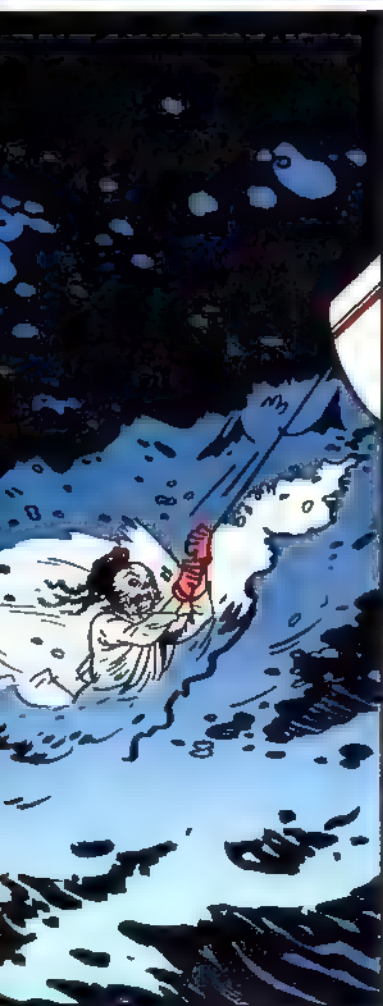
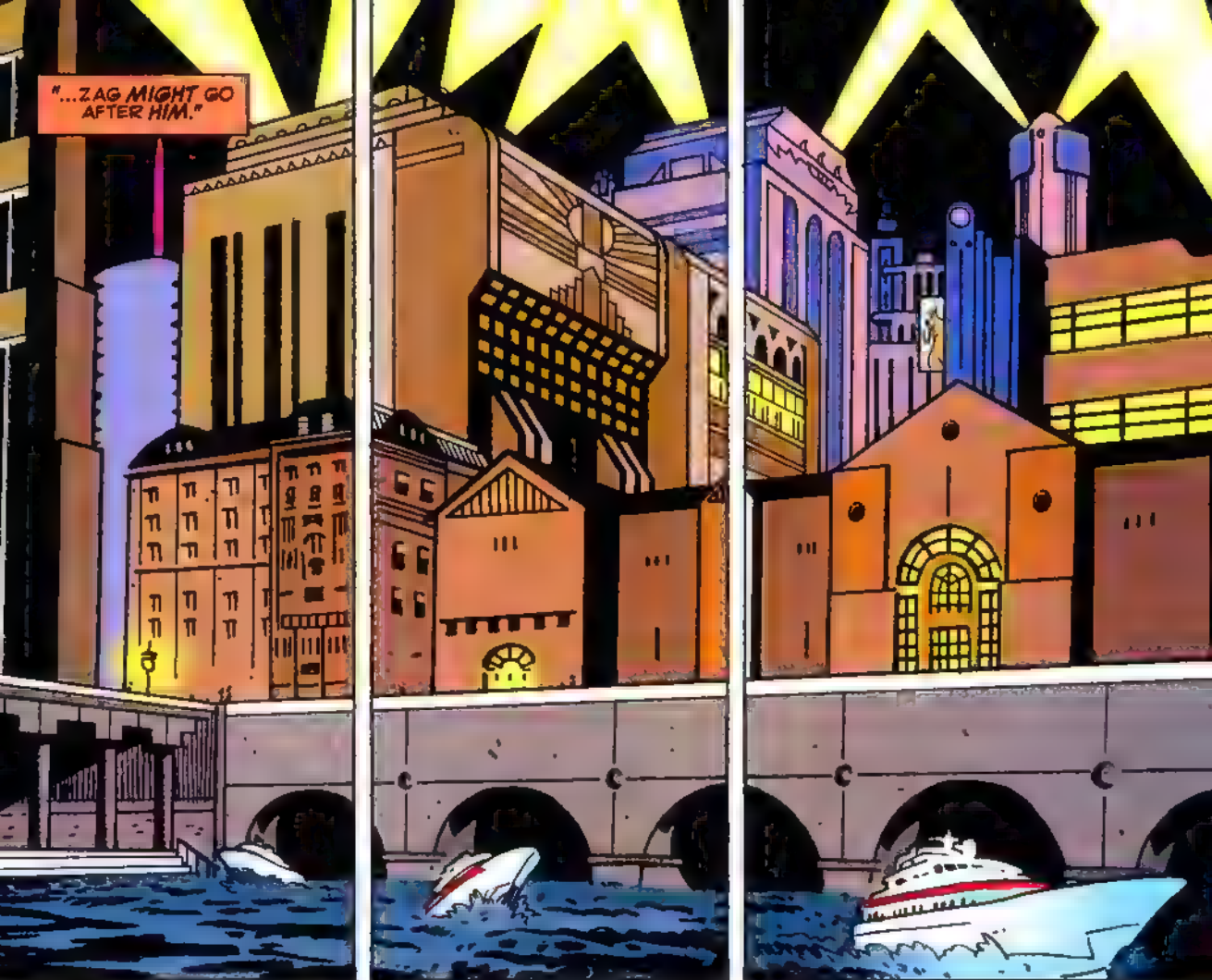
IN THE LATER  
YEARS. WE TOOK  
ON A  
PERCUSSIONIST

THERE WAS  
A SIXTH BAND  
MEMBER?

YES, GREGORY  
WASHINGTON...



"...ZAG MIGHT GO  
AFTER HIM."





RICH  
BOAT  
BOY!

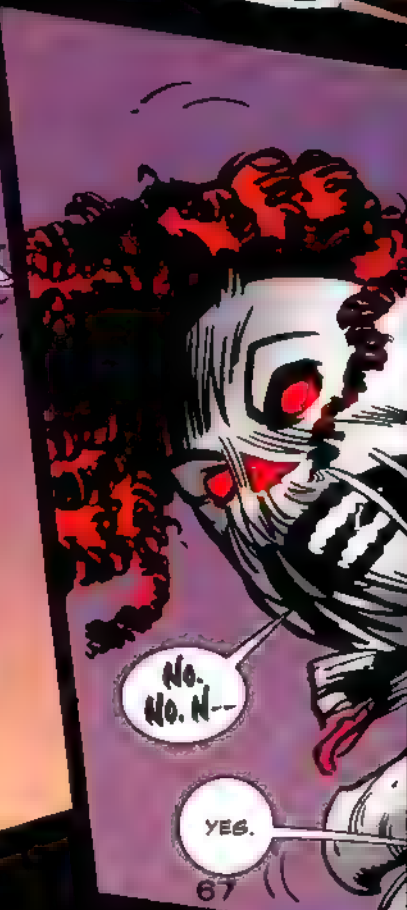
WH--  
WHO'RE YOU?!  
WHAT DO YOU  
WANT?!

BONGO BEAT  
BROUGHT YOU  
PLENTY. HIGH  
TIME ON SEVEN  
COLORS.

NOT GONNA  
BEAT YOUR WAY  
OUTTA THIS,  
THOUGH.

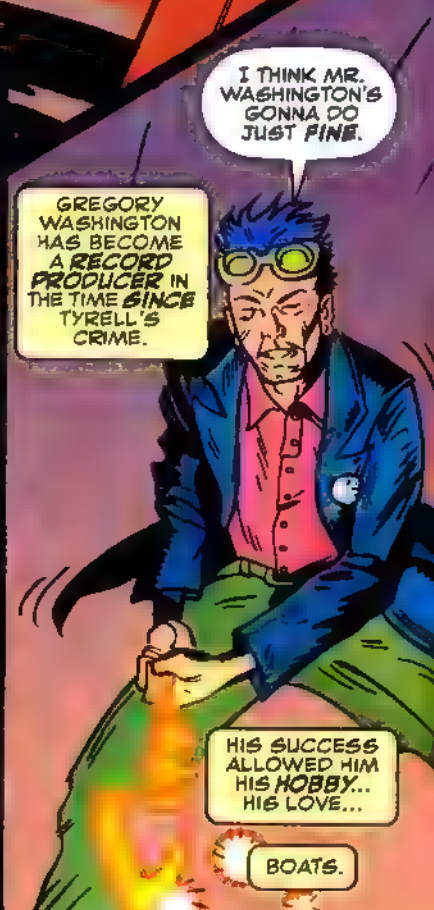


No. No.  
No. No. No.  
No. No.



No.  
No. N--

YES.



I THINK MR.  
WASHINGTON'S  
GONNA DO  
JUST FINE.

GREGORY  
WASHINGTON  
HAS BECOME  
A RECORD  
PRODUCER IN  
THE TIME SINCE  
TYRELL'S  
CRIME.

HIS SUCCESS  
ALLOWED HIM  
HIS HOBBY...  
HIS LOVE...

BOATS.





STARMAN!  
THANK GOD!

YOU  
DIE!

I DON'T  
LIKE YOU!

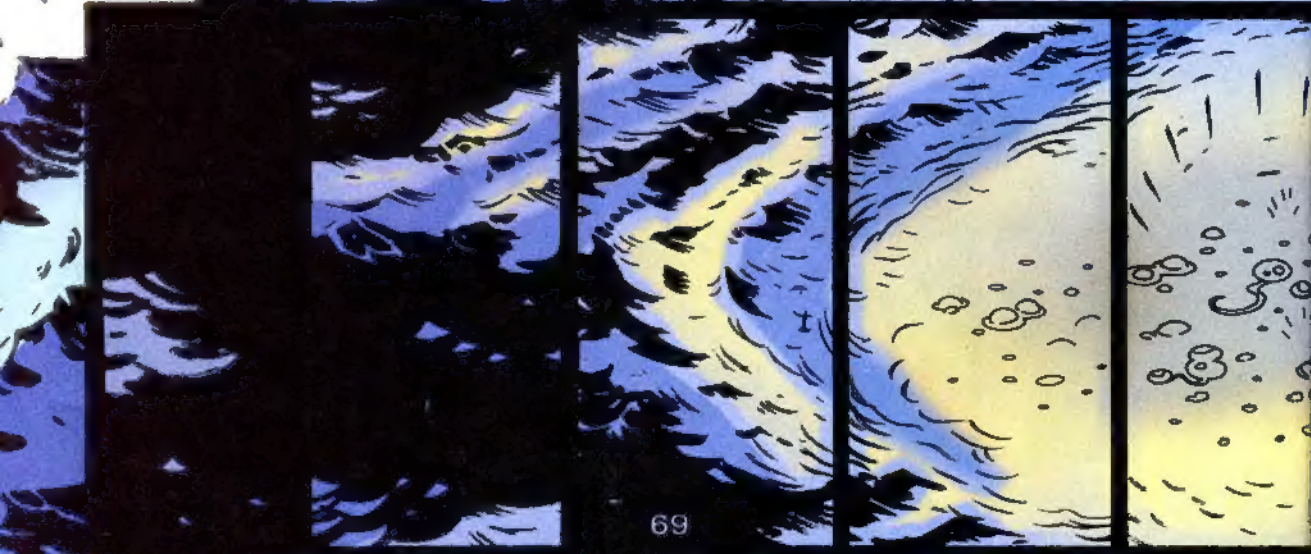
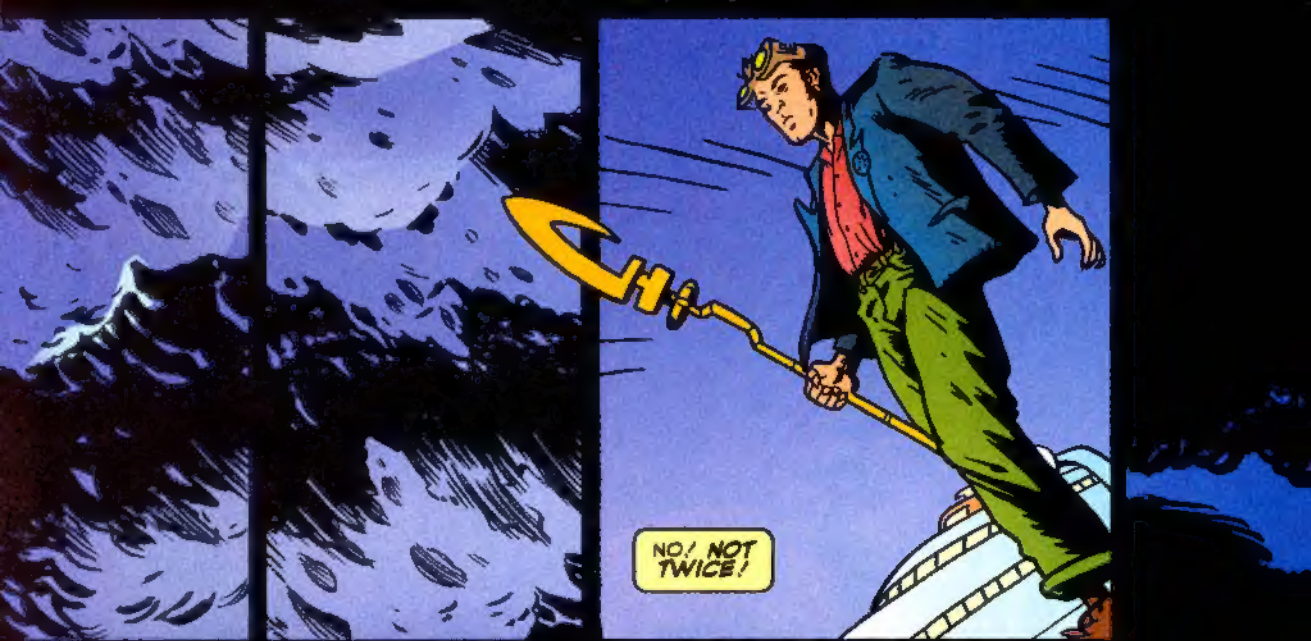
YOU  
SMELL!




NOW,  
CAN WE  
END TH—

YARRN!









IT DIDN'T TAKE RALPH DIGBY  
TO WORK OUT WHO KILLED THE  
ORIGINAL RAGDOLL. EVEN THOUGH  
DAD WOULDN'T TELL ME RIGHT OUT.

JAY GARRICK IS TOO  
MUCH THE BOY SCOUT.

ALAN SCOTT IS TOO  
MUCH THE HERO. (IN FACT I  
THINK HIS POWERS WOULDN'T  
WORK IF HE EVER TOOK A  
LIFE. I THINK. *MAYBE.*)

BUT MY DAD. DAD WAS  
TOO MUCH THE FATHER.  
IF ANYONE KILLED  
RAGDOLL IT WAS HIM.

PROTECTING ME AND MY  
BROTHER, DAVEY. ACTING  
ON IMPULSE OR FROM  
SHOCK, I LIKE TO THINK.  
NO REAL INTENT.

BUT STILL A  
STARMAN TOOK  
A LIFE. FOR  
GOOD OR NO.

AND I'M *NOT*  
ABOUT TO LET THAT  
HAPPEN AGAIN.  
NOT TO SOME  
NEW IDIOT  
DRESSED UP LIKE  
A KID'S TOY.

SO IT ENDS.

ANOTHER  
ADVENTURE.

THE BAD GUY'S  
CAUGHT. THE GOOD  
GUYS WIN.

SO NOW I CAN  
AGAIN PONDER THE  
GREATER QUESTIONS  
IN LIFE...

...LIKE EVEN  
THOUGH I CAUGHT  
TYRELL...

...I WONDER IF  
HE'D SELL ME THAT  
AFRICAN STATUETTE?

**THE END!**

**DCIP**

*The New Standard*